

THIRTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 13, 1963

RED CHINA: The Arrogant Outcast

TIME

NEWSMAGAZINE



VOL. 82 NO. 11

Viceroy's
got

the taste
that's right!



ALSO
IN NEW
"SLIDE-TOP" CASE



Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all... others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!

not too strong...not too light...

Viceroy's got the
taste that's right!

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■ Report to truck operators from B.F. Goodrich



**WHO PUT THE BIG H IN THIS TREAD
...AND HOW COME?**

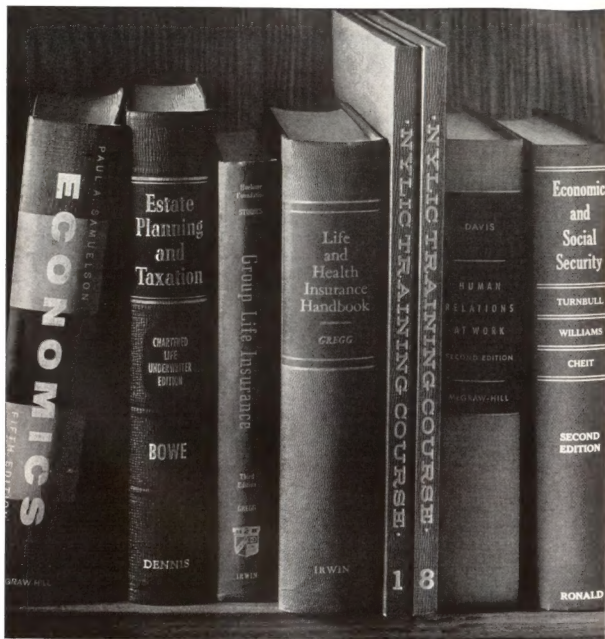
B.F. Goodrich truck tire designers did and if you look closely, you'll see why. Notice how the H's interlock in the tread of the BFG Extra Miler truck tire. This interlocking design stabilizes the tread to reduce the wear from tread squirming. And the Big H tread masses more rubber in the center where truck tires, unlike passenger tires, wear most. The result, confirmed by fleet owner reports, is greatly improved mileage.

This extra mileage started with the development of BFG's new SUPER-SYN, the toughest rubber ever developed for truck tires. We decided to do more than just add this long-wearing new rubber to an old tire design.

Instead, we engineered an entirely new tire by combining the advantages of SUPER-SYN with a completely new tire design. Result: the Extra Miler with the Big H tread.

You'd expect to pay much more for all the extra mileage features you get, but the B.F. Goodrich Extra Miler sells at original equipment prices. Next time your company plans to buy or specify truck tires, ask your BFG retailer to give you the full story on the Extra Miler. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.





These are best sellers?—sure, among New York Life Agents!

Most people aren't aware of all the work and study that goes into being a New York Life insurance representative. Even before he calls on his first client he must pass an intensive training course. Still others follow. In fact, an agent continues his professional education as long as he represents New York Life. Why? Because he fully realizes that the more he knows about life insurance, the better

he can serve you, his client. When your local New York Life man calls on you, talk with him. We believe you'll find that he and the company he represents can offer important help in your family's financial planning. The New York Life Agent in your community is a good man to know!

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NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY



51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, New York
In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto.



"Why doesn't somebody do something about our midwestern winter weather?"
asks Mrs. Evelyn Ben, Housewife of Oak Park, Michigan

It's so *changeable*! I have two children and, believe me, going off to school...down to the shopping center...out to my Red Cross work...off to the Lions and University of Michigan football games...keeps me outdoors and on the go a lot. And I *notice* the weather.

The only thing I can do about it is to dress for it.

A heavy, bulky coat always seems to get in my way. Yet, when those cold days come, I want to be warm. (My husband and children feel the same way about it.)

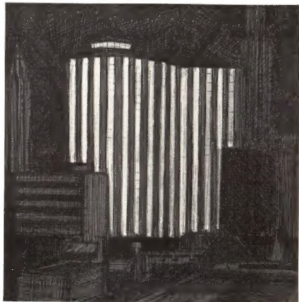
We all need the kinds of coats and outerwear that feel light and just right when it's only chilly...but that keep the cold out tight when the temperature drops down low. I think we've discovered the best solution.

I'm no scientist...but I've learned from the hangtags that a MILIUM INSULATED LINING is the result of a special processing of the *actual lining* of a garment. It shuts out the weather without adding any bulk or weight. You can't see it or feel it...but, I can tell you, it works! It makes any coat or outer garment just right the year round...no matter what the temperature. And it dry-cleans beautifully. (It's marvelous in draperies, too.)

I guess nobody can change the weather...but my family does something about it. We insist that our coats and outerwear and draperies have that *something special* inside.

I mean a... *Milium*
INSULATED LINING
or MILIUM *plus*...
foam insulated lining

Coats lined with MILIUM and MILIUM PLUS are now available at your favorite store.



WHERE'S GARRETT?

EVERYWHERE! Garrett-AiResearch makes life safer,

more comfortable and more efficient for millions of people every day. Here are a few of the ways:

IN SPACE—Environmental control systems for astronauts, research in life sciences, advanced space power systems and cryogenic systems. **IN THE AIR**—Pressurization and air conditioning for most of the world's airliners and military aircraft, central air data systems, heat transfer equipment and hundreds of components. **ON LAND**—Gas turbine ground support for aircraft; heating, refrigeration and electrical power for buildings; emergency standby power; turbochargers. **ON THE SEA**—Secondary electrical power and pneumatic power for ships; inflatable survival gear for commercial aircraft. **UNDER THE SEA**—Environmental systems for submarines and deep-diving research vehicles; pressurization systems, computers and control systems for submarines and underwater missiles.

THE FUTURE IS BUILDING NOW AT



Los Angeles • Phoenix

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1963



YOU CAN GET HATHAWAY'S MADRAS-WEAVE CLUB SHIRT IN A FASHIONABLY HIGHER PIN COLLAR AND LIVELY STRIPES OF RED, BLUE, AND BLACK, \$7.95

Why Hathaway's new Club shirts feel more comfortable and look a good bit tidier than any ordinary, mass-produced shirt



RUN YOUR eye over the shirt above. Then skim the facts below. They explain exactly what makes a Hathaway Club shirt *feel* better and *look* better than an ordinary shirt.

1. The collar feels soft around your neck—and never has to be tugged at to look straight. That's because eagle-eyed seamstresses turn each collar by hand. And if the points are off even *one-sixteenth* of an inch, out it goes.

2. The body is tapered from chest to tails for a smooth fit. No uncomfortable wrinkling under your jacket. No ballooning above your belt.

3. A big pleat runs straight down the back—to give your shoulders plenty of room to move around in.

4. Every seam is sewed in a single row of tiny stitches. This is the neatest way to sew a

seam. Also the strongest. Countless laundrings cannot tear Hathaway seams asunder.

5. Even the buttons Hathaway uses are a far cry from the usual. They refuse to splinter, peel, or turn yellow. You can trust them to stay anchored to your shirt, because they have *three* holes—which actually make a more secure catch than four. A paradox, but a fact.

Hathaway tailors Club shirts in close to a dozen different fabrics—Oxford cloth, broadcloth, gingham,

and madras included. All look more lustrous than run-of-the-mill shirtings, and wear considerably longer.

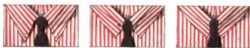
"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!"

"White shirts look like a uniform in the morning—and like murder by midafternoon," says Hathaway's chairman, Ellerton M. Jetté. "And furthermore, they are a pitiful abdication of individuality."

Many executives take precisely the same view. A few emphatically do not.

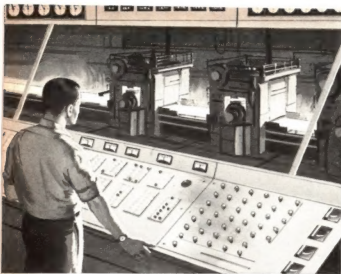
If you're a white-shirt addict, we suggest that you have a look at some of Hathaway's new stripes and checks and solid shades. They give you a better chance to express yourself—yet they are well within the safety zone of good taste.

For the names of stores, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



3 classic collar styles

Above, you see three of Hathaway's most popular Club collars. Notice 1) the button-down has an extra-soft roll; 2) the pinned collar stands uncommonly high—to make you look taller; and 3) the tab collar has been given those short, trim points that are all the rage in London this Fall.



A "self-educating" computer that runs a steel mill. To help a midwest steel company meet intense worldwide competition, we worked closely with its engineers in the development of a computer-operated mill. The computer actually "learns by doing," enabling the mill to turn out increasingly superior steel of more uniform thickness at lower cost. This is one way we're helping keep America competitive.



A tiny flashbulb that helps make picture taking simpler. To help meet the demand of camera fans for smaller, simpler flash equipment, we worked closely with camera manufacturers to perfect the world's smallest flashbulb. It produces, at less cost, as much light as lamps four times its size... makes possible rapid-fire flash cameras that will fit in the palm of your hand—flashholder, lamps and all.



An oven that practically cleans itself: no scrubbing, no scouring. Homemakers told us the chore they disliked most was cleaning a messy oven. That's why the new Hotpoint Hallmark range has removable oven panels, coated with tough, non-stick plastic. They wash as easily as dishes, right in the sink. Also, for removing smoke, odors and grease, the range features a new system that needs no outside venting.

**Products
that do
more for
people
come from
"listening"
to people.**

**Accent
on
VALUE**



Different as these General Electric innovations are, they have one thing in common. They were all developed with the help of "listening" to people—studying their needs, asking their opinions, finding out what their problems were.

We listen in many unusual ways... from showing films that enable our thousands of jet-



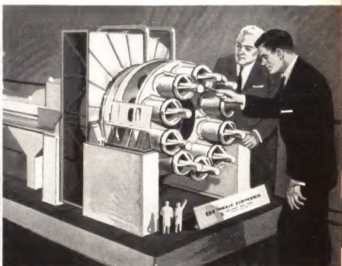
An engine that helicopters "had been waiting for." To break through piston-engine limitations and make the helicopter a more durable, higher-performance aircraft, General Electric developed the T58 gas turbine engine. It delivers more power per pound than any engine in its class and enables helicopters — military and commercial — to carry greater payloads farther, faster, and more economically.



An 11-inch, 12-lb. TV set you can use almost anywhere. Before General Electric's new Personal Television set was designed, our engineers measured all the places around the home where such a set could be plugged in. They checked typical clearances: between bookcase shelves, on counter tops, on bedside tables. The result: an amazingly compact TV set that's truly portable and fits almost anywhere.



An electric slicing knife that makes carving a pleasure. According to studies, 70% of American families entertain at least once a month, 25% every week. General Electric's response: a line of attractively styled electrical products that make gracious entertaining easy — everything from a rotisserie-oven to the novel motor-driven slicing knife shown here. The knife makes carving almost effortless.



A plant that will use 10 jet engines to produce electricity. In answer to the need of electric utilities for a high-capacity source of reserve power at low capital cost, General Electric engineers are harnessing 10 aircraft jet engines to create a revolutionary new turbine-generator (model above). It can produce, on short notice, up to 100,000 kilowatts to meet peak loads and emergencies.

engine people to hear military officers spell out precise defense requirements... to using a computer to tell us constantly how homemakers are rating our efforts to improve product service.

We seek innovations in listening as diligently as innovations in products. For advances that make us more responsive to customers help our scien-

tists and engineers anticipate your needs... and help all General Electric people build an extra measure of value into every product and service.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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**Why men in Accounting, Banking,
Sales, Credit, Real Estate,
Traffic, Insurance, Government
and the Armed Services**

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**IN
SPARE
TIME**
as a way to
increased
earnings

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A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every activity of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more—all require the legally-trained executive who can make day-to-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 11

Education in Latin America (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* The problems and progress of education in Latin America, where an estimated 45 million are illiterate, are discussed by a panel of distinguished educators, including Teodoro Moscoso, U.S. coordinator of the Alliance for Progress.

Routes of Freedom (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Alfred Drake, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and others trace the development of the theater from its early Greek forms. Filmed in Athens.

Thursday, September 12

The Nurses (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Madlyn Rhue portrays a nurse charged with homicide for deliberately cutting off the medication for her fiancé, a staff physician dying of cancer. Repeat.

Friday, September 13

Harry's Girls (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Season premiere of a new comedy series about an American vaudeville team in Europe. Filmed on location and starring Larry Blyden as Harry.

Portrait (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Sean Lemass, Prime Minister of Ireland, interviewed in his Dublin office.

Saturday, September 14

The Lieutenant (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Season premiere of new dramatic series following the peacetime adventures of a young Marine Corps officer (Gary Lockwood).

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Gary Cooper, Suzy Parker and Diane Varsi star in *Ten North Frederick*, the 1958 screen adaptation of John O'Hara's novel.

Sunday, September 15

Face the Nation (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). The veteran interview show returns to the air, live from Washington, D.C.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest is New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Colorado.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The life of Al Smith. Repeat.

The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Season premiere of a new adventure series based on Robert Lewis Taylor's Pulitzer-prizewinning novel. It tells of the cross-country experiences of a young boy and his impractical father in search of gold in 1849.

Grindl (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Imogene Coca plays an itinerant domestic in the premiere of a new comedy-mystery series.

Arrest and Trial (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.). A new 90-minute format gives Ben Gazzara, detective, 45 minutes to catch the crook, and gives Chuck Connors, defense mouthpiece, 45 minutes to get him off. Anthony Franciosa stars as the crook in the first episode.

100 Grand (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). The fall premiere of a brand new quiz show named for its top take.

Monday, September 16

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). William Holden and

* All times E.D.T.

Jennifer Jones are the lovers in *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*. Color.

Tuesday, September 17

Greatest Show on Earth (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). A new adventure series in which Jack Palance is the ringmaster of a Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. In this hour-long episode, Harry Guardino plays the role of a lion trainer who endangers his own life as well as that of some female jugglers.

The Fugitive (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). An innocent man forced by circumstance to become a fugitive from the law is the subject of a new dramatic series starring David Janssen. The premiere episode involves the fugitive in the problems of a nightclub's piano entertainer (Vera Miles) and her mentally disturbed husband.

Chester Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A report on New York City's Mobilization for Youth program, a project to help the residents of the city's slum areas.

RECORDS

Beethoven: The Nine Symphonies (Berlin Philharmonic; Herbert von Karajan, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon) is an immense but inexplicable accomplishment. Despite the grandeur of the presentation (eight LPs handsomely boxed for \$47.98), there is a distance in the orchestra's tone that suggests the microphones were across the street. And despite a near-perfect orchestral performance, Von Karajan brings a spare, skeletal sound to the music. Even the most innocent dynamic embellishments familiar to American audiences are omitted, and the result is a new Beethoven—more tyrannical but less histrionic.

Puccini: Tosca (Leontyne Price, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Giuseppe Taddei; Vienna Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, conductor; RCA Victor) is a flawless recording that achieves every possibility in Puccini's intense score. Von Karajan's conducting demands more from his singers than any but they could give, but by their performances here, each can claim eminence in his role; Price surpasses Callas as the supreme Tosca, and Di Stefano and Taddei match their best past performances as Cavaradossi and Scarpia.

Benjamin Britten: War Requiem (London). In little more than a year, this Mass for two choirs, three soloists, symphony and chamber orchestras has become beyond all question, a modern masterpiece. The English text is from the haunting World War I poems of Wilfred Owen, who was killed in action, and the music is a heartfelt memorial to Owen and all the young men of his generation who died with him. Britten conducts the Bach and Highgate School choirs and the London Symphony Orchestra (Vishnevskaya, Pears, Fischer-Dieskau, soloists) in a performance that is both lucidly liturgical and wrenchingly personal.

Brahms: Symphony No. 3 (Command). Like Toscanini, who brought him to the U.S., William Steinberg is proving himself a Brahms interpreter of the first order, and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, now eleven years under his baton, shows itself entitled to a place among the top six orchestras in the country. The Third easily matches in power, precision, tension and tenderness the highly successful

*(Picture?) 43595, wingtip oxford with new **flexaire** foot sole, in contrasting textures of brown calf. Also \$358 in black. (Bottom) 43596, plain toe dress oxford with new **flexaire** saddle seam in contrasting textures of brown calf. Also \$357 in black. Most **Bostonian** styles \$19.99 to \$38.95. Also makers of **Manhattan** and **Bostonian** bags. Write for name and address of your nearest **Bostonian** Dealer. **Bostonian** Shoes, Watlham, Maine.*



Bostonian rolls and re-rolls to make the sole as flexible as your foot

To make a shoe that actually responds to the slightest nod of your foot, Bostonian handcraftsmen roll and re-roll a Flexaire's sole until it is so soft and supple you can flex it around your fingers. It takes more time, but it brings you extra comfort. Another relaxing Flexaire feature: a heel-to-toe layer of foam cushioning...you actually walk on air.

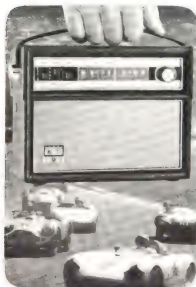
The moment you slip into Bostonian Flexaires you feel like you've been wearing them for months. Cradle your feet in the wonderful comfort of Flexaires, soon. At your Bostonian dealer's.



BOSTONIAN *Flexaires*
Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand

Arvin

the finest sound
you can carry...



ARVIN 9 transistor portable radio
in top grain cowhide

ARVIN POWER!

Extra powerful 9-watt circuit pulls-in distant stations. Special "performance regulator" transistor delivers uniform performance level with extended battery life.

ARVIN LOOKS!

Luxurious top grain cowhide with a handsomely saddle-stitched finish—beauty.

ARVIN CONVENIENCE!

Handy slide-rule dial has push-button light for easy-to-see nighttime tuning.

ARVIN ENGINEERING!

Tuned RF stage increases sensitivity and selectivity for clearest tuning ever.

ARVIN BIG SOUND!

Large Velvet Voice speaker plus two position tone control bring you full, rich sound.

ARVIN MODEL 63R58

Walnut leather **\$39.95**
incl. batteries and earphone

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America's largest specialists in the
manufacture of quality radios

Steinberg recording of Brahms's *Second* two years ago.

Other first-rate recordings from a summer bumper crop:

Schubert: *Schwanengesang* (Angel). The ranking male voice of lieder. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Gerald Moore, his eloquent accompanist.

Richard Yedumouni: *Symphony No. 1*; *Violin Concerto* (Columbia). The two major works of a promising American composer played by his patron, Eugene Ormandy, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mario Collas in *Paris* (Angel). La Callas, in fresh good voice after two years' silence on records, sings selections from Gluck, Berlioz, Bizet, Massenet, Gounod.

CINEMA

Wives and Lovers. Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Martha Hyer and Shelley Winters toss around this ball of connubial catnip in sassy style, having fun with the lines but worrying none too much about the deeper meanings of the plot.

A Ticklish Affair. Gig Young is the victim of a trio of scheming boys who decide he would make a nice husband for Mommy (Shirley Jones) and a good—if simple-minded—Daddy for them.

The Small World of Sammy Lee. As the M.C. of a Soho strip joint, Anthony Newley oozes innuendo, juggles illicit deals, and runs runs runs. A satisfactory if often sordid film.

The Leopard. Italian Film Director Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) has made a remarkable film about the fortunes of a fading princely household in 19th century Sicily. Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale and Alain Delon star in this splendid cinematic set piece.

Lord of the Flies. This film version of William Golding's frightening little novel about the existence of original sin buzzes around and finally gets stuck on the flypaper of its own timidity. With not so much as a nod to Golding's chilling allegory, the producers end up with nothing but a scary adventure story about a band of castaway boys high and dry on a desert island.

The Thrill of It All. Doris Day is married, but very little else is changed. Hubby James Garner still has to beg for her favors with champagne and flowers, and as far as Doris is concerned, life is very much the way it was in *Pillow Talk* and *That Touch of Mink*.

The Great Escape. Here is James Garner again, this time without Doris Day. But Steve McQueen and an excellent all-male cast join him in this exciting and absorbingly detailed story about a wholesale breakout from a Nazi P.W. camp under the very eyes of heavily armed guards.

Hud. Though Paul Newman is Hud, Brandon de Wilde is the key character in this superb film about a boy who has to choose between two ways of life. Patricia Neal and Melvyn Douglas are splendid too, and the photography by James Wong Howe brings the Texas Panhandle to dusty, sweaty life.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Group, by Mary McCarthy. Eight little Vassar girls competing hard for heaven. Payne Whitney got one, and then there were seven.

A Kind of Magic, by Edna Ferber. There is no magic here, but bestselling Novelist Ferber's autobiography is full of the fun

of a half-century of show business and the literary world.

Visions of Gerard, by Jack Kerouac. Beat Author Kerouac joins J. D. Salinger in the small company of current writers who suggest that a child can be not only innocent but a prism of grace, in this case, to a big, noisy family of French Canadians in the mill town of Lowell, Mass.

The Learning Tree, by Gordon Parks. Like Author Parks, the young hero of this first novel grew up in the Negro end of a small Kansas town. His unabashed nostalgia for what was good there, blended with some sharp recollections of violence and stark fear, makes a readable, sometimes unsettling book.

Cities of the Flesh, by Zoë Oldenbourg. The story of the "Albigensian Crusade," 35 years of human savagery that decimated France's southwestern region of Languedoc during the 13th century.

Cot and Mouse, by Günter Grass. A boy in Danzig suffers the taunts of his classmates, goes on to win the Iron Cross but never their acceptance.

Night and Silence Who Is Here? by Pamela Hansford Johnson. A deft satire about a rich New England college (which is curiously like a large industrial foundation) and a charming scholar from England who finds that he can't get enough of the subsidized way of life.

Ford, Decline and Rebirth, 1933-62, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill. Corporate history does not ordinarily make lively reading, but good research and imaginative treatment produce an absorbing tale of the management blunders of the '30s, the staggering war effort and the brilliant recovery in the late '40s of the Ford Motor Co.

The Nun of Monza, by Mario Mazzucchelli. Based on archives opened six years ago in Milan, this book retells a lurid story that shocked 17th century Italy. It takes 14 years of solitary penitence before Sister Virginia of Monza is finally forgiven for her big mistake in life—a passionate, protracted love affair with a handsome, reckless nobleman.

They Fought Alone, by John Keats. The story of American and Philippine soldiers who stayed—and fought—on Mindanao after the American retreat in 1942.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (1 last week)
2. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (2)
3. *The Collector*, Forster (7)
4. *Coravans*, Michener (4)
5. *City of Night*, Rechy (5)
6. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (3)
7. *The Concubine*, Lofts (9)
8. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (8)
9. *The Group*, McCarthy
10. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (6)

NON-FICTION

1. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (2)
2. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (3)
3. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (11)
4. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (4)
5. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis (5)
6. *Terrible Swift Sword*, Catton (6)
7. *The Wine Is Bitter*, Eisenhower (7)
8. *Notebooks 1935-1942*, Camus (9)
9. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (8)
10. *Portrait of Myself*, Bourke-White (10)

Most people think portables are pretty much alike...until they ask about the guarantee

3rd best-selling make,
parts guaranteed
90 DAYS

2nd best-selling make,
parts guaranteed
90 DAYS



Best-selling make, Smith-Corona,
parts guaranteed
5 YEARS

Only Smith-Corona portables are backed by a solid 5-year guarantee . . . and for good and solid reasons. Take the Galaxie, shown above. It has an all-steel body strong enough to support a grown man. Its electrostatic finish can't chip or stain. Burning cigarettes won't mar it. Its lightweight steel carrying case can take travel's hardest knocks. Even the key action is built to last. Because each key swings in a short natural arc (the way your fingers do), you use less effort and get the world's fastest typing action. But look at all the portables for yourself (including our two electrics). You'll see why more people buy American-made Smith-Coronas than any other portable.

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office or dealer will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell, or damage from accident or misuse, and extends only to original purchaser.

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

I am a Great Northern freight train

I run through the area from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound... a great and growing area of grain, grazing lands, timberlands... orchards, oil, mineral ore... water galore, and I haul out the abundance... for you and the rest of the world to consume.

I'm still a locomotive, a string of cars and a caboose. But my profile's not what it used to be. My way of life's changed even more. And it's all much for the better.



The last of my old "iron horses" was retired years ago. Now I'm diesel-electric up front... several thousand horses that pull with a purr.

At the rear, my caboose has been completely remodeled... into a modern, high-speed communications center.

In-between, I'm an amazing array of special-duty carriers... like auto racks and trailers riding piggyback. And the parade of products I haul runs 13,000 items long... from apples to zinc, from A-frames to X-ray machines.



Take one of my biggest payloads—grain. I carry it in these sturdy, all-steel boxcars built in GN's own shops at St. Cloud, Minnesota. And I was first in the Northwest with the kind of "super" service you see in the next picture: 4,000 cubic-feet, 100-ton jumbo hopper cars.



In fact, shippers of dry foods like flour and sugar are so hepped on hoppers that GN's giving me twenty more airslide models this year (below)... which allow for just about the easiest loading and unloading imaginable.



Next is one of my newest pride and joys... 40 feet of all-aluminum, super-insulated refrigerated trailer. I also get twenty more of these this year... for great piggybacking of meats and frozen foods.



And speaking of service on perishable products, meet another member of my family... the mechanical refrigerator car. This fellow performs yeoman duty in keeping your su-

permarket stocked with fresh fruits and vegetables... and he's especially busy when "croc's in" on those world-famous Wenatchee Valley apples.



I'm back in the auto-hauling business, too... in high gear. New car shipments via GN have increased 400% since 1959. (And say, I'll bet you'd sure rather see one of these portable "parking ramps" on the rails than ahead of you on the highway!)



Lumber! isn't the word for this picture. I move all kinds of stuff. But it's what I move a lot of... in big wide-opening, double-door cars. See how beautifully they team up with fork-lift loading trucks?



Even my ever-faithful, the boxcar, has a new lease on life. GN continually upgrades him

with new steel skin, cushion underframes, roller-bearings, bigger doors and interior devices to assure damage-free shipment.

And talk about the space age, I get classified, coupled, located and reported on... all by electronics. I roll smoother and faster on more and more new welded ribbon rail. I pass oncoming and slower trains without delay... span new bridges, go around greatly reduced curves. I even cross the Continental Divide at its lowest rail elevation in the U.S. north of New Mexico... and tunnel 7.79 air-conditioned miles through a mountain (Cascade Tunnel—between Berne and Scenic, Washington—is longest in Western hemisphere.)

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two cars ... one driver



The driver (right) is Graham Hill, World's Grand Prix Racing Champion. To the left sits Graham Hill, English country squire. They're one and the same. But the one car is actually two—a sports car and a family sedan. And therein lies the appeal of the MG Sports Sedan to a man like Graham Hill. As Grand Prix Champion, Graham Hill likes the MG Sports Sedan for its stability on icy slick roads, its refusal to wig-wag in the face of cross-sweeping winds. This trait the Sports Sedan owes to its front wheel drive, where most of the weight is over the driving wheels.

Graham Hill, country gentleman, appreciates the MG Sports Sedan's "fluid suspension," a new concept that eliminates springs and shock absorbers—where a permanently sealed-in liquid allows the

front wheels to telegraph news of an up coming bump to the rear wheels. The result: a gentle yet firm ride seldom experienced in any automobile.

On the open road, the MG Sports Sedan houses one of the world's most competitive engines. This little giant, styled in true British racing tradition, does zero to 50 mph in 14 sec. and has a top speed in excess of 80 miles per hour.

Yet in big city traffic the MG Sports Sedan parks in a pocket, gets up to 30 mpg, and seats five comfortably. Service and parts are available through over 1,000 dealers in the U.S. and Canada.

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The MG Sports Sedan is an amazing combination of racing potential, sedan comfort and economical purchase. A very British thoroughbred that is, all at once, a sporting spirit, a stylish companion... an elegant rascal.



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Across...**

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ITT Safety Manager Richard Lavoie (left) and Employers Mutuals Safety Representative Ernest Way (right) confer on means of communicating safety information.

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LETTERS

The Time Is Now

Sir: I spent three days covering the Aug. 28 March on Washington, read everything I could lay my hands on, read all the follow-ups I could find, watched television, listened to the radio, etc., etc.

I am convinced that the American press did itself proud in the coverage of this march. It was a coming of age in covering stories of this type.

And I would add that the finest, most succinct, best summary of the march appears in your Sept. 6 issue. It catches the feel of the day in a very few words.

EARL L. CONN
Editor

Quaker Life
Richmond, Ind.

Sir: I am a Negro, born and reared in the South, although I have been in the North since I finished college ten years ago. I have known rage, humiliation, disgust and despair as well as happier, more positive emotions resulting from interracial experiences. However, when I looked around the crowds at the Lincoln and Washington memorials that Wednesday and saw how many people of ethnic backgrounds other than mine were there to stand with us, I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and belonging. I felt proud to be an American, and proud as a Negro to share this common heritage of citizenship.

ALFRIEDA DALY

New York City

Negro Revolution

Sir: My first reaction to your superb story on America's Revolution of 1963 [Aug. 30]: the American Negro is obviously the front runner for TIME's Man of the Year.

PAUL SCHAFF

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: A vote of thanks to TIME for honest coverage of the race issue, and to Roy Wilkins and other great Americans, white and colored, for teaching us methods and attitudes that must be adopted generally to save a prejudiced and rapidly shrinking world from self-destruction.

RICHARD STERNER

Stockholm

Sir: You made the statement that some 5,000 Negro troops fought the British in George Washington's army. I have read detailed accounts of the Revolution by historians, and for more than two years

of research, I dug into the source materials at one of the finest libraries in the country and did not discover a single Negro soldier in that war. Negro slaves were sometimes used for fortification work, as at Richmond and Charleston.

SAM TILDEN LARKIN

St. Louis

► Negro soldiers fought at Lexington, Concord, Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Bennington, Brandywine, Stillwater, Bemis Heights, Saratoga, Red Bank, Monmouth, Rhode Island, Savannah, Stony Point, Fort Griswold, Fawcett Springs and Yorktown. A former slave, Peter Salem, shot the British major leading the assault against Bunker Hill in 1775, and later in the war most Northern colonies had both all-Negro and integrated regiments—Ed.

At Your Leisure

Sir: Your article on William Devereux Zantinger [Sept. 6] was quite shocking. When one human being can take the life of another for the price of \$500 and six months in jail, at the offender's convenience no less, the time has come for us to take a long and serious look at the practicability of our laws.

This is a most disgusting display of "mock" justice, to say the very least.

JAMES J. NARDOZZI

Seal Beach, Calif.

Background Music

Sir: It was disheartening to see TIME [Aug. 30] devoting two columns to that insipid "tranquilizer," Muzak. It might have its therapeutic value, like television, for those who enjoy being entertained without having to think; but TV has a definite advantage—you can turn it off. It is Muzak's complete blandness and lack of character, which its makers try so hard to achieve, that I find so annoying. God save the day when its "innocent murmurs" pour forth from every lamppost in its attempt to create a euphoria for millions of unsuspecting Americans.

JONATHAN LAITIN

New York City

Mass Participation

Sir: I have attended Mass in Manhattan, Mantua and Manila; while I am hard of hearing, I nevertheless can follow the celebrant throughout the Mass, because I made it my business to learn cathedral Latin. I would rather attend a High Mass, chanted in Latin, than be a spectator at



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and again
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makes

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because it's truly
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- ✓ It should bespeak quality in every line.
- ✓ It should be soft-tailored.
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- ✓ It should always hold its shape, with a minimum of wrinkles and pressings.
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- ✓ It should carry a famous brand name you know and trust.

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the finest opera. And a pontifical Mass simply sends me into ecstasy. The secret of the appeal to people of the celebration of the Mass is just all this pomp and ceremony in Latin, a universal language. If the "litniks" [Aug. 30] succeed in reforming the liturgy to the vernacular, then the Roman Catholic Church will have ceased to be a universal church, and the entire liturgy will have lost its meaning to me.

TONY RIEBER

St. Louis

A Fish Wish

Sir: While I was on Christmas Island with the Royal Air Force, I caught three trigger fish (two with a line and one with my bare hands and a piece of broken piping). On each occasion I threw them back in the ocean because their colors, design and texture were so fabulous.

Now I read your article on the hobby of salt-water fish collecting [Aug. 30] that I tossed \$1,200 back into the drink!

Can anybody spare a tranquilizer?

GERRY JACKSON

Glasgow

The Devil His Due

Sir: I have just read your review of that rather startling book *The Nun of Monza* [Aug. 23] and was puzzled by the reviewer's comment: "Like everyone else in those days, Sister Virginia believed that Satan and all his devils roamed the world to snare men's souls." To my knowledge, "those days" have not completely vanished, and some are still heeding the admonition of St. Peter, "Be sober, be watchful! For your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goes about seeking someone to devour. Resist him, steadfast in the faith."

Our society has reduced the devil to a cute little gremlin with a mischievous grin, with the result that we have shockingly reduced our own standards of morality and have very little left to grin about.

Sister Virginia had many problems, to be sure, but she stands correct in her concept of Satan.

SISTER M. ELLEN PATRICE, C.S.A.

Mount Augustine
West Richfield, Ohio

Peace Corpse?

Sir: I read with great interest your article on the senseless slaughter in Colombia [Aug. 23], since the particular attack that you mention took place about an hour and a half from my former Peace Corps site. The bandit chieftain's very words, "It will happen again," have made it impossible to continue my work of community development in that area.

It is a real tragedy when a few bandits can end a year and a half of work, but no one wants to end up a "peace corpse."

RICHARD A. SIMON

Itiribi, Colombia

Out of the Darkness

Sir: Mrs. Gilliland is truly correct with her statement, "Isn't it a wonderful living memorial?" When she speaks of the donation of her husband's and children's eyes to medical science [Aug. 30], I am seeing through someone's "living memorial."

Owing to keratoconus (conical cornea) I lost the majority of my vision at the age of 21. I now have 20/20 vision with glasses, following bilateral full-thickness corneal transplants. I will never forget those "unknown donors" who have given me this privilege.

Many people who suffer in semi-darkness are waiting for their turn. Your

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article, I'm sure, will enlighten many individuals who did not know they could help. Thank you.

(MRS.) PATRICIA ROBERTI, R.N.
Los Angeles

Noblesse Oblige

TIME has received two communications from Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu since the cover story about her (Aug. 9). In the first, she wrote: "Used to being somehow mistreated by the American press, I can say that by comparison I find your behavior fair, though it may lead people to fear me more after reading your story."

In the second, excerpts of which follow, she raised several points of interpretation, and then went on to discourse about herself, her family and her country:

I myself never called my father a "coward." He often sighs: "To live in peace, cowardice is sometimes necessary." But right or wrong, he is my father, and I never came to calling him names.

Concerning "provocateurs," monks' robes," my term "beat them three times harder" comes from my deep feeling of noblesse oblige. In Viet Nam, the religious, because of the respect due to their state of presumed holiness, cannot indulge as easily as others in wrongs of humanity and must be treated harder if they do.

Concerning the term "monk barbeque show," Viet Nam is a strange country where people often commit spectacular suicides before the gates of people whom they wish to curse. I find that custom barbaric. My aim was to try to stop the spreading of bad examples by ridiculing what I considered grotesque customs. I am stunned to see my well-intended purpose maliciously distorted by ill-intended elements who use my words to fit a false, ugly, obsolete and well-organized anti-Catholic propaganda which tries to present the Vietnamese people as an innocent Buddhist majority under a cruel dictatorship of Catholic minority overwhelmed by a fanatic inquisition mood symbolized by me.

I have never been against conciliation of the Buddhists. I am only against one-way conciliation.

If sometimes I have to step in the fray, becoming a target of most cruel blows, it is not at all by natural taste, but because someone must finally make up his mind to take a position, dangerous, maybe, but necessary to break the paralyzing fear of others. What else can I do when I feel responsible for half of the population which I have done so much to liberate? Because of my utmost sincerity, I think that if I show some awkwardness, I need understanding rather than insults, which too many sectors of the American press are pouring on me with glee.

MADAME NGO DINH NHU

Saigon

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.


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The Queens have 4 of the most efficient stabilizers made. These act like fins on a fish, holding the liner steady while the sea races by. The Queens are as solid as the Waldorf Astoria—but go at the speed of a warship.

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These are *British* ships. You get the deferential but friendly service of twelve hundred British seamen and servants.

The British have also been *international* for longer than most other people. So on the Cunard menus you will find: Supreme of game hen Rembrandt, Maine lobster, fresh beluga caviar, huge white asparagus from Holland, Danish ham—and ten different kinds of hot bread.

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The Cunard people like to make this claim: "There are ten captains on the bridge of a Queen." Ten officers assigned to bridge duty hold master's certificates. Each one is fully qualified to command a vessel at sea.

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We learned something from the big boys.

We're not above borrowing a good idea when we see one.

And the idea of a station wagon with all the virtues of a bus was too good to resist.

Which is why the VW Station Wagon has so much in common with other buses.

The driver is way up front, so he can see where he's going.

The engine is in back, out of the way.

There are windows all around (21 in all) including the skylight kind on top.

The seats are chair-high. And you can even have an aisle to step to the rear.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon has a bit less headroom than a real bus, but it has more doors (5) and a sunroof that slides back for lots of air and lots of view.

There's so much room inside the VW,

you may think you're driving the real thing.

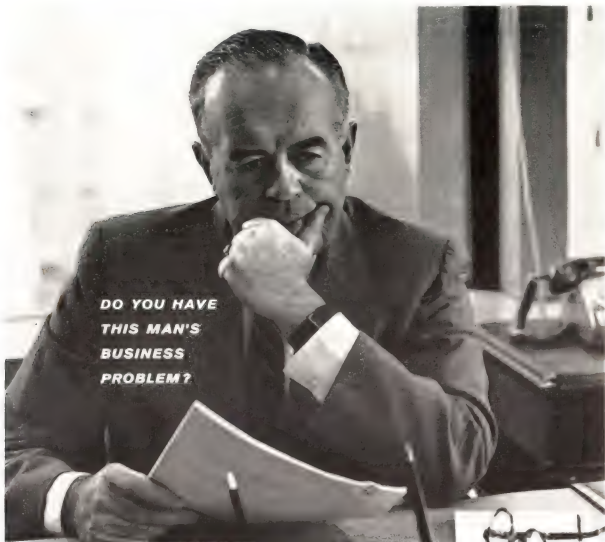
But not when you park; the VW Wagon is only 9 inches longer than the VW Sedan. Lately, we've spotted a few other bus-type station wagons on the scene.

So maybe things have worked out evenly after all.

The big boys learned something from us.



TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1963



**DO YOU HAVE
THIS MAN'S
BUSINESS
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*"It's been a long time since
this customer gave us an order"*

**Solution: Use Long Distance to talk
things over with inactive accounts!**

When an out-of-town customer goes beyond his usual buying-cycle date without ordering from you, there's probably something wrong.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Solve business problems with communications.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 13, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 11

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Diplomacy by Television

Seated in a cushioned wicker chair on his Hyannis Port lawn, the President of the U.S. submitted to a taped television interview by CBS's Walter Cronkite. Beforehand, presidential aides had suggested that Cronkite ask questions about the crisis in South Viet Nam. He did—and President Kennedy was ready with some remarkable replies.

The South Vietnamese government of President Ngo Dinh Diem, said Kennedy, has "gotten out of touch with the people. The repressions against the Buddhists, we felt, were very unwise. Now, all we can do is to make it very clear we don't think this is the way to win."

The Diem government, the President continued, probably could regain the support of the people, needed to win the war against the Communist Viet Cong, "with changes in policy, and perhaps in personnel. If it doesn't make those changes, I would think the chances of winning it would not be very good." Kennedy named no names, but the "personnel changes" he wanted were the removal from power of Diem's younger brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and Nhu's acerbic wife.

"In the final analysis," said Kennedy in the most surprising passage of the interview, "it's their war. They're the ones who have to win it or lose it. We can help them, give them equipment, we

can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it."

Ineptly Handled. But what if the Diem government did not start shaping up according to specifications? Would the U.S. start withdrawing aid that has so far amounted to almost \$3 billion, cost more than 100 American lives, and presently requires the presence in South Viet Nam of some 15,000 U.S. military and civilian "advisers"? Not a bit of it, said Kennedy. "I don't agree with those who say we should withdraw. That'd be a great mistake."

The Kennedy interview, shown on CBS-TV on Labor Day evening, brought some startled reactions. Commented the New York Times's James Reston: The President "both threatened and reassured Diem. He said: Change, or we'll string along with you anyway. Now if Diem changes his policies and his government, it will be said that he did so under public pressure from the U.S.; and if he doesn't change, the President will be charged with hucking what he himself has called a losing policy."

From Saigon, the Times's Robert Trumbull reported: "Experienced diplomats of various nations here are appalled at what they consider Washington's ineptitude in handling the current crisis. They say the Administration committed the fundamental tactical error of driving its adversary into a corner from which there was no dignified line of retreat. This blunder was even less explicable, they say, because Washington apparently had no workable plan of action ready for use when Ngo Dinh Diem defied the Administration."

Absolutely Misinformed. Defy the Administration Diem did, making it clear that he, his brother and his sister-in-law meant to retain their positions of power. As for Mme. Nhu, when she heard of Kennedy's statements, she commented: "If he really said that, it is very serious, because it shows the American Government is absolutely misinformed."

At Mme. Nhu's inspiration, the government-controlled Times of Viet Nam bannered the headline, CIA FINANCING PLANNED COUP D'ÉTAT, over a story accusing U.S. agents of spending up to \$24 million in bribes to key military men, labor leaders and civil servants to overthrow the Diem government—or at least to depose Nhu and his lady. The U.S. State Department scornfully dismissed

the charges as "something out of Ian Fleming."

In fact, only a few days before, Administration officials both in Washington and Saigon had been freely confiding to newsmen that the U.S., even if it did not actively support a *coup d'état*, would certainly not mind seeing one. But the Administration apparently has changed its mind about the possible benefits of a coup, for reasons perhaps explained by Pundit Walter Lippmann: "A government of Vietnamese generals, installed by the U.S., would hardly be better or more popular than Diem, and might well be worse. And so, since we cannot reform the Diem government, since we cannot replace it, and since we cannot abandon it, we have to put up with it for the time being."

Lamentably Inadequate. President Kennedy's effort to force an international diplomatic issue over domestic, holiday television, was a lamentable failure. If it did anything, it increased tensions and animosities between two governments that must continue working together for their mutual security. Indeed, as of last week's end, about the only good thing that could be said about the Vietnamese crisis was that the Communist Viet Cong was itself so inept, and its Red Chinese backers were so tied down (see cover story) that they were as yet unable to take military advantage of the unevenly split between the Diem regime and the U.S.



PT-109



"YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT'S GOING ON?"

DEFENSE

Despite the Doubts

There were still plenty of doubts about the test ban treaty. Republican Barry Goldwater indicated he was against it unless the Russians, as evidence of good faith, pulled their troops out of Cuba. And, in heavily censored testimony released last week by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, it became clear just how much the Joint Chiefs of Staff had been nagged by questions, even though they had cast their votes for the treaty.

Even J.C.S. Chairman Maxwell Taylor, one of the Pentagon's foremost treaty advocates, predicted that the Russians would cheat by clandestine tests. But he denied that the "gains that might come from this kind of testing would have any great bearing upon our relative position."

"Manageable Risks." Far more deeply doubtful was Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay, who worried that the Russians, as a result of their 1961-62 atmospheric test series, might already be ahead of the U.S. in nuclear weapons development. "This bothers me," said LeMay. "And one of the things that I don't like is that, if this is true and they do know more than we do, they may know something that is vital. They may be able to pick up a weakness in our defense system that they can exploit." Insisted LeMay: "There are risks and no amount of talking is going to make them go away." But he had gone along with the other Joint Chiefs, said LeMay, because, "I think that the risks can be held to manageable proportions."

On the Senate floor, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield kicked off the debate about ratification. Even while strongly supporting it, Mansfield made no extravagant claims about what the treaty might achieve. Said he: "Do not look for miracles from this treaty. There are none. This nation, the Soviet Union, and the world are destined to live for a long time with feet dangling over the grave that beckons to the human civilization which is our common heritage. Against that immense void of darkness, this treaty is a feeble candle. It is a flicker of light where there has been no light." When he finished, Republican Minority Leader Everett Dirksen of Illinois walked across the aisle and shook Mansfield's hand. Dirksen told reporters that his long-held doubts about the treaty were diminishing. Said he: "My inclinations now are in the direction of backing the treaty."

"Entirely Satisfied." The Foreign Relations Committee, which had earlier backed the treaty with a resounding 16-1 approval, issued a 30-page synopsis of testimony by 44 witnesses. In answer to a question raised by former President Eisenhower about whether the treaty would outlaw U.S. use of atomic weapons in a war, the report said: "The Senate should be assured that the com-

mittee is entirely satisfied that the treaty in no way impairs the authority of the Commander in Chief in time of crisis to employ whatever weapons he judges the situation may require."

The committee said that "the nuclear strike forces of the U.S. are superior in number and variety to those of the Soviet Union." It argued that the treaty would not hurt "to any appreciable degree" the development of an effective anti-ballistic missile, "if indeed an anti-ballistic missile system can be developed with sufficient effectiveness to justify the enormous cost of deploying it."

But at week's end Georgia's Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, disagreed flatly: "I find that I cannot conscientiously support this treaty." Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, another influential member of the Armed Services Committee, also announced that he would definitely vote against ratification. Despite such opposition, the treaty still seemed likely to win solid—if not overwhelming—Senate ratification.



GEORGE ANDERSON

"An unhealthy imbalance."

An Admiral's Epilogue

Only the day before, Admiral George W. Anderson had been sworn in as U.S. Ambassador to Portugal. Soon he would be off for Lisbon—where, presumably, he would no longer voice the dissenting defense-policy views that had caused the Kennedy Administration to drop him as Chief of Naval Operations. But before he left, Anderson had a few parting words about working for Defense Secretary Robert McNamara.

Anderson appeared before the National Press Club in Washington to deliver "an epilogue to my military career." He insisted that "I question neither motivation, patriotism, dedication or ability of anyone." What he did ques-

tion was the system imposed on the Defense Department by McNamara. Said Anderson: "Overcentralized structures are conducive to the abuse of power and compounding of mistakes. Monolithic-structured organizations can limit imagination, stultify initiative, completely eliminate the effectiveness of those in the officer corps who have gained wisdom and experience."

A Modern Fallacy. Anderson was "disturbed because now, in the Department of Defense, the operations analyst—properly concerned with 'cost effectiveness'—seems to be working at the wrong echelon: above the professional military level rather than in an advisory capacity to the military, who should thoroughly appreciate his assistance. Unfortunately, an unhealthy imbalance has resulted because at times specialists are used as experts in areas outside their fields. This has resulted in a tendency to draw conclusions before all the evidence has been examined."

Anderson assailed the "modern fallacy that theories, or computers, or economics, or numbers of weapons win wars. Alone, they do not. Man, his wits and his will are still the key to war and peace, victory and defeat. Morale is the business of every leader in our defense establishment. Do all else right, and do this wrong—the product in a crisis is disaster."

When the Chips Are Down. Citing McNamara's rejection of the recommendations in two aircraft contracts—the TFX and the V/STOL—Anderson said that "military experience breeds an appreciation of the truth that slight margins make big differences when the chips are down. Those who fought in the Pacific know what the narrow margin of operational superiority in the Japanese Zero fighter cost in American lives. I have had two nephews—both Navy pilots—who have been lost in peacetime in naval aircraft. We feel emotionally aroused as well as dispassionately concerned if the recommendations of the uniformed chiefs of our services, each backed up by competent military and civilian professional staffs, are altered or overruled without interim consultation, explanation and discussion."

THE ECONOMY

The Continued Gold Drain

One of the most pressing problems facing President Kennedy when he took office was the growing deficit in the U.S.'s international balance of payments. Since the deficit drains U.S. gold reserves, it threatens the stability of the dollar. By a variety of techniques, Kennedy cut the annual deficit from the \$3.9 billion he inherited to \$2.2 billion last year. But in the first half of 1963, the rate soared to \$5.2 billion—and, to the Kennedy Administration, became one of the sorest of all subjects.

Last week New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller hit the Administration smack on the sore spot. In a Labor



WHITE HOUSE FIREWORKS

The neighbors wondered what was up.

Day statement. Rockefeller warned that the gold drain could lead to "worldwide financial collapse." It is getting worse because Kennedy's handling of the problem "has been characterized throughout by insufficient recommendations, tardy proposals, watering down of plans already advanced, and lack of firm follow-through." Rockefeller accused Kennedy of "timid tinkering," "temporizing" and "continued drift."

Failure of a Pledge. Dollars are flowing out of the U.S., said Rockefeller, "due to a failure to develop methods to support the economic development and defense of the free world without placing too great a burden on the balance of payments." Investment money is going abroad because of the "failure of the President to redeem his often-repeated 1960 campaign pledge to 'get this country moving again' economically," and because U.S. interest rates are lower than some other countries.

Rockefeller offered several recommendations of his own to check the gold drain. He urged "an immediate federal tax cut to raise production efficiency, improving our ability to compete in world markets," coupled with "a clear goal of a balanced cash budget as soon as possible." He would soften the dare caused by foreign aid by making sure that aid "does not simply pour more dollars into nations which already have balance-of-payments surpluses" and by urging "our European allies to assume a larger share of the foreign-aid program."

A Bit Vague. Rockefeller also recommended "a vigorous and effective export drive," including "proper credit insurance" to protect U.S. exporters against unusual risks; "a greater effort to arrange offsets in connection with military expenditures overseas"; and "a more realistic monetary policy to bring our interest-rate structure more in line with other industrial countries, while

providing the increasing quantity of money and credit necessary for domestic growth."

Some of the Rockefeller recommendations are similar to plans Kennedy has advocated but has not been able to achieve. Others seemed vague—Rockefeller did not, for example, say what sort of "offsets" to overseas military expenses or interest rates he had in mind.

But Georgia's ubiquitous Senator Russell suggested that the deficit might be eased by withdrawing more U.S. military personnel from overseas stations. He asked defense officials if this might not be feasible when the new C-141 transport planes, which can lift troops to Europe in eight hours, become available.

THE PRESIDENCY

Start of the Social Season

For anyone who enjoys social occasions, being President of the U.S. can be a pleasure. John Kennedy likes parties, and he has a real flair for presiding over them. Last week he made big plans for starting the fall social season. Afghanistan's King Mohammed Zahir Shah and his Queen Homaira were in town. In their honor, there was to be a black-tie banquet in the Rose Garden—with fireworks, a Marine-drill-squad exhibition, music by some Air Force bagpipers and ice cream soufflé for dessert. But it rained that day, and the President moved the affair into the State Dining Room.

Some Startled Calls. It was still quite a party. After dinner, the 116 guests followed the President and his sister, Eunice Shriver, official White House hostess because of Jackie's convalescence, up to the second-floor balcony for the show. After the marching and the bagpipes, the fireworks began bursting and blasting on the South Lawn. It was a magnificent display, although it did startle some Washingtonians who phoned newspapers and police stations to find out what all the noise was about.

Next day, the President rode in a parade with the King, then went to the Afghan embassy for lunch. Even though there were a whole lot of things more pressing than U.S. relations with Afghanistan, he threw himself into the party, developed a nice social rapport with most everyone. He chatted with Republican Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, toasted the King with a warm statement: "We hope the trip is useful for your own people, whose welfare is your great concern, and I know I speak on behalf of all of us in the United States in expressing our pleasure in meeting you and our pleasure in the honor you have done our country."

Kennedy also presided over the Rose Garden presentation of a Distinguished Service Medal to recently retired Air Force General Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell Jr., who led the first B-29 bomber raid on Tokyo during World War II. Just before the affair began,

Kennedy spotted a clutch of U.S. Senators in the crowd. He introduced a couple of Democrats by their last names, suddenly saw Republican Barry Goldwater and yelled, "Barry!"

Some Amiable Chats. Later Barry came over, and he and the President, who entered the Senate at the same time, chatted amiably, although no one could hear what they said because cameras were clicking loudly enough to supply every paper in the country with a front-page picture. When Rosie O'Donnell got his medal, he broke everyone up: "It was kind of a shock to be told that I had to wear my uniform, because I discarded it about a month and a half ago, and I had to get my ribbons off my pajamas this morning."

All that done, the President departed Washington for a weekend at Hyannis Port and a family party, which he likes



THE PRESIDENT & KING ZAHIR



WITH "BARRY"



WITH EV

The parties made for warm rapport.

even more than state shindigs. This one celebrated the 75th birthday of his father, Joseph P. Kennedy. As a result of his 1961 stroke, Old Joe can speak only haltingly, and cannot write at all. Despite his handicaps, he is pretty chippy. He rises early each morning, often goes for an after-breakfast ride with Niece Anne Gargan. At night he sometimes watches a movie in the theater that is part of his house.

Most of the clan turned up for the birthday. Rose Kennedy was home at last after a month's trip to Europe. Twenty-one grandchildren trooped in with birthday gifts for "Grampy Joe." And eleven of Joe's own kids and in-laws were on the Cape—making a throng of 33 for the happy occasion.



GOVERNOR WALLACE

CIVIL RIGHTS

"A Shameful Thing"

In 17 Southern and border states, 147 school districts were ready to integrate their facilities for the first time. At most places, everything went well. In Charleston, S.C., Millicent Brown, 15, one of two Negro children admitted to Rivers High School, described her first day's experience: "It was a fine day. I met several nice girls. I think I'm really going to enjoy Rivers." In Baton Rouge, La., 28 Negro kids broke the color barrier, and Mayor John Christian said he was "very well satisfied with the way things turned out." In Tallahassee, Fla., 16-year-old Harold Knowles, one of three Negroes to start classes at Leon High School, said: "I expected some friction, but nothing happened." In Savannah, Ga., 25 Negroes entered previously all-white public and parochial high schools, and a white pupil said later: "We'll be all right if everybody will just leave us alone." In

Cambridge, Md., summer-long scene of civil rights strife, 20 Negroes were peaceably admitted to white schools.

But then there was Alabama—and the trouble that flared there last week diverted much of the nation's attention from the civil rights progress achieved elsewhere.

"Speaking the Truth." Four Alabama cities—Tuskegee, Mobile, Birmingham and Huntsville—were scheduled to start token public school integration. Even Birmingham, long a national symbol of diehard segregationist sentiment, now seemed resigned. "Few of us are happy," wrote the Birmingham Post-Herald, "but we trust that the people of Alabama will face up to their court-ordered responsibilities with a good grace and without violence." Said the Birmingham News: "Our school officials have looked at the problem from every angle. They

Mayor Rutherford. Said he: "You ain't going to have any trouble here, Mayor, and if you do, George will send the troopers right back." Retorted Rutherford bitterly: "Well, I have 8,000 angry citizens on my hands."

Into Birmingham streamed 200 state lawmen. Everyone assumed that they would close down the schools that Birmingham proposed to integrate, just as they had done in Tuskegee. Speculation ran strong that Wallace, seeking the political advantage that defiance of the Federal Government on civil rights issues can bring in Alabama, was deliberately trying to goad the Kennedy Administration into sending U.S. troops into the state for a second time.

But no. When the morning for integration came, Wallace's troopers stayed in their hotel rooms—while two Negro boys enrolled in Graymont Elementary



RIOT AFTER THE BOMBING IN BIRMINGHAM
Diverting attention from progress elsewhere.

are speaking the truth: there's nothing to do but keep schools open and do what the courts say has to be done."

But Alabama's Democratic Governor George Wallace was having none of this relatively temperate talk. On Monday, when 13 Negro children were supposed to show up for enrollment in a Tuskegee high school, Wallace sent more than 100 state troopers into the town. From Mayor Howard Rutherford on down, Tuskegee officials were enraged. But the troopers surrounded the school, turned away all pupils and teachers trying to enter, and passed around copies of Wallace's "Executive Order No. 9"—which declared that the school was being shut down in order to "preserve the peace and maintain domestic tranquility."

Bitter Retort. Tuskegee city officials, backed by most of the community's citizens, protested Wallace's action as an "invasion." But the high school stayed shut—and Wallace ordered most of his troopers to move on to Birmingham, where integration was supposed to start on Wednesday. As the state cops were leaving Tuskegee, Wallace's on-the-scene straw boss, State Finance Director Seymore Trammell, walked up to

School. Protecting them were Birmingham's city policemen. A group of about 100 whites stood outside the school, jeered at the Negro boys, even tried to rush the police lines. The cops knocked a few on the head with their billy clubs, and the demonstrators dispersed.

Bombs & Bricks. That night, Negro Attorney Arthur Shores, a civil rights leader, was reading the Wall Street Journal in his home on "Dynamite Hill" (the scene of many bombings, including one that damaged Shores' home only last month), when the explosion of a dynamite bomb ripped the house, tumbled his ill wife out of her bed. Within minutes, hundreds of vengeance-bound Negroes swarmed onto the scene. They were met by Birmingham city policemen. Some Negro leaders pleaded with their people to go home. But emotions were running too high for the crowd to listen to such advice.

Bricks, bottles and rocks began flying. Then, from both sides, came the ugly sound of gunfire. The police shot out the street lamps to avoid being silhouetted against the darkness, and for 40 minutes the battle raged. Up roared the police department's six-wheeled armored tank. Ambulances screamed in

the darkness, and cries of pain mingled with curses and the zing of bullets. When it was all over, one Negro had been shot to death, and more than 20 Negroes and whites had been injured.

The riot gave Governor Wallace the excuse he needed to postpone integration not only in Tuskegee and Birmingham but in Mobile and Huntsville as well. Said Wallace's press secretary: "The Governor is concerned over the situation in these two cities, as he is concerned about the situation in Birmingham and Tuskegee."

Again mayors, citizens and newspapers castigated the Governor. Complained Huntsville's Mayor R. B. Searcy: "I cannot understand the Governor's action. He sits down and out of one side of his mouth he criticizes the President of the U.S. for interfering with states' rights, and at the same time he's doing the same thing himself with cities' rights. They just took our authority away from us." The Huntsville Times accused Wallace of placing "his own political ambitions above the welfare of the schoolchildren he had pledged to aid. . . . This disgraceful spectacle is not of Huntsville's making, but Huntsville and all Alabama will suffer from it." Said Huntsville's Police Chief Chris Spurlock: "This is a shameful thing."

A federal judge in Alabama ordered Wallace to show cause why he should not be enjoined from interfering further with the desegregation of Birmingham schools. Similar action was almost certain to follow in Huntsville, Tuskegee and Mobile. But at week's end Governor Wallace could still boast to the press: "I want you to realize that there is not a single integrated school in the state of Alabama yet."

The Image

In 1961, Charlayne Hunter became the first Negro girl ever to enter the University of Georgia. Last June, she became the first Negro girl to graduate. Yet Charlayne always insisted that she should not be considered a symbol of the civil rights struggle or even a national representative of her race. "I'm not representing anybody," she once said. "I'm not an ideal girl or the perfect student." Though she was sometimes called upon to speak before civil rights groups, she felt "like a hypocrite. . . . all that *We Shall Overcome* business, I believe in it, sure. But there are some things I believe in that I just don't believe in talking about. And I have to break away from that image business sooner or later. I can't spend my life being an image."

But Charlayne remained a symbol despite her wishes. And it was that fact that gave special significance to the announcement last week of her marriage to a white fellow student at the University of Georgia.

Two Weddings. The husband is Walter Stovall, 25, son of a well-to-do south Georgia chicken-feed manufacturer. Stovall, like Charlayne a journalism major, befriended her soon after

she entered the university. By early this year, it was common campus knowledge that they were dating. In fact, they said last week, they were married in March. But they declined to name the place—presumably because it was in some Southern state where miscegenation is punishable by prison sentence not only for the couple but for the person who performs the ceremony.

Last June 6, fearing that their March marriage was not binding by law, Charlayne and Walter Stovall applied for a marriage license in Cleveland. On the application form, Stovall said he had been married once before. He now explains: "I had been—to the same wife I now have, Charlayne." For whatever reason, they did not return to pick up the



CHARLAYNE



WALTER

A symbol despite herself.

Cleveland license. They were instead married on June 8 in Detroit. After Charlayne's graduation, they moved to New York, took a Greenwich Village apartment. Charlayne, an editorial assistant for *The New Yorker* magazine, is expecting a baby in December.

"A Personal Thing." After the announcement of the marriage, Walter Stovall's father mourned that "this is the end of the world." Charlayne's mother said: "They didn't ask for my approval. Charlayne is 21 years old, and I can only advise her—I can't tell her what to do." Said Walter Stovall: "We are two young people who found ourselves in love and did what we feel is required of people when they are in love and want to spend the rest of their lives together. We got married."

And what of Charlayne, the girl who wanted to escape from "that image business?" Asked if she had considered the possible impact of the marriage on the Negro cause, she replied: "This is a

very personal thing, and my personal life should not have anything to do with that which affects the masses of people. And so I can't be too terribly concerned about that because I have my own life to live."

INVESTIGATIONS

Going Which Way?

From the time, at 26, when he exploded into the nation's headlines as chief staff inquisitor for Senator Joe McCarthy, Lawyer Roy Marcus Cohn has looked like a young fellow who would certainly go places. He still does. But last week, after a federal grand jury in Manhattan socked him with an eight-count indictment, it appeared that where Cohn, now 36, might go was into a federal penitentiary.

The son of a Democratic New York state judge, precocious Roy Cohn graduated from Columbia University's Law School at 20 (a year before he was eligible to enter the state bar), investigated Communists for the U.S. attorney's office in Manhattan, became a special assistant to Harry Truman's U.S. Attorney General James McGranery, and in 1953 went over to the staff of Joe McCarthy's Senate Investigating Subcommittee.

Storm of Snarls. For the next 18 months, Cohn was at the center of one of the stormiest, shrillest periods of U.S. political history. Few who ever saw or heard him will forget the malevolent, heavy-lidded stare with which he pinned witnesses; the adenooidal snarl as he closed in for the kill against a suspected Communist (the McCarthy Committee caught precious few, if any); the public obsequiousness to Senator Joe; the arrogant impatience toward Democratic committee members.

Cohn was the sort that many people love to loathe. Among the legion of enemies he made in those days was the counsel to the Democratic minority on the McCarthy Committee—another youngster, named Bobby Kennedy. After one committee hearing, Cohn and Kennedy almost came to blows right before television's eye; another time, Kennedy threatened to quit his job unless Cohn toned down his ways.

But unlike as Cohn may have seemed, he was admired by many Americans as a relentless, even ruthless, anti-Communist investigator. He certainly had no stronger advocate than McCarthy, who called him "the most brilliant young fellow I've ever met."

It was, therefore, ironical that Cohn did so much to bring about McCarthy's eventual downfall. The way it came about was that Cohn had a bosom buddy, G. David Schine, the wealthy, not-too-smart son of a hotel-chain owner. Cohn sponsored Schine as an unpaid McCarthy staff investigator. Together, the two went to Europe on a Keystone Cops binge, searching for Communism and mismanagement in U.S. Information Service offices abroad. Soon after their return, Schine made

the mistake of getting drafted as a buck private into the U.S. Army. Cohn tried to crowbar the Army into granting Schine special privileges, and out of that effort came the famed Army-McCarthy hearings. Cohn was forced to resign from his committee post and McCarthy was officially condemned by the Senate. After that, McCarthy never wielded much influence.

But Cohn was different. He bounced right back to New York, where, as a bachelor, he still shares a seven-room Park Avenue apartment with his widowed mother. He became a partner in a highly successful law firm and began looking for what he has called "the sweet deal"—high finance. Borrowing \$900,000 from Hong Kong and Panamanian moneylenders, he gathered con-

United Dye and were illegally manipulating the company's stock. On the basis of that probe, a federal grand jury took over in 1959. The jury was particularly interested in four men. Three of them, Samuel Garfield, Irving Pasternak and Allard Roen, were Las Vegas operators; the fourth, Allen K. Swann, was their attorney.

As the investigation proceeded, Cohn, according to the charges, conspired with Garfield to prevent the four men from being indicted by the grand jury. Cohn got Gottesman into the act, and Gottesman, says the indictment, went to see Morton Robson, who was then chief assistant U.S. attorney for the Southern District in New York (though he was not in charge of the United Dye case), "to effectuate the agreement." What happened after that has not been spelled

intimidate and impede witnesses before grand jurors."

But Roy Cohn is nothing if not a windmilling fighter—and no sooner had the indictment been handed down than he began swinging out on all sides. The charges against him, he cried, were "conceived by intimidation, threat and blackmail, a vendetta to get my scalp."

The villain, he claimed, was U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau "and company," who "have abused the power of their office . . . misused public funds . . . sought perjured testimony" out of "personal animus, the desire for political revenge, and an attempt to pander to the longstanding prejudice of his superiors." Among the "superiors," Cohn hinted darkly, was Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, his old foe from the McCarthy Committee days. "History speaks for itself," Cohn told a press conference. "I have never been invited to any of his swimming parties."

That Certain Feeling. As for Morgenthau's "vendetta," it all went back a dozen years or so, Cohn explained, when he was investigating charges of Communist spy infiltration into the Treasury Department. In the 1940s, Cohn recalled, Communist Helper Harry Dexter White was working in the Treasury, and Robert Morgenthau's father Henry was Treasury Secretary. "I have no personal malice toward Morgenthau senior," added Cohn charitably, "but Morgenthau junior has harbored a feeling about this."

The feeling is so strong, claimed Cohn, that Robert Morgenthau hired "an international bounty hunter" to go out and "get something on Roy Cohn." Cohn accused Morgenthau of leaking stories about him to the press, of harassing him through the Internal Revenue Service, of spreading word through Federal Detention Headquarters that any prisoner willing to implicate Cohn might get a break, and of offering immunity to "gangsters and racketeers in order to get perjured evidence against me." And he referred to "a prominent case recently concluded" in which Morgenthau "obtained the sentencing of all the defendants except those from whom he sought to extract something unfavorable concerning me. To whip these defendants in line, he has 'deferred' their sentences with promises of leniency if they play his game, and threats of long jail terms if they do not." Cohn did not indicate whether the "prominent case" was the United Dye scandal, or if the "defendants" were his old friends from Las Vegas.

The Fight to Come. So blatant is this vendetta, declared Cohn, that a jury trial in a federal court would really not suffice for the presentation of Cohn's evidence. He would much prefer a public investigation by a bar association or the Senate Judiciary Committee. In any case, he is prepared to battle all the way. He should, for if he is found guilty of all the charges against him, he could get \$36,000 in fines and 40 years in prison.



ROY COHN



ROBERT MORGENTHAU

Whose vendetta?

trol of the flagging Lionel Corp. (toy trains, electronics, etc.) in 1959. For a while Lionel picked up, but it fell back again, losing a whopping \$4,500,000 in 1962 alone. Entrepreneur Cohn also bought a swimming pool company, invested in a New York City bus line, a small loan company, a national travel agency, helped form syndicates that promoted two Patterson-Johanson heavy-weight championship boxing matches in 1960 and 1961, and last year's Patterson-Istion fight.

Almost all of Cohn's financial enterprises were characterized by constant litigation—suits, countersuits and Government investigations. Moreover, while several of Cohn's companies lost money, his own wealth grew to an estimated \$2,000,000. Then came last week's federal grand jury indictment, accusing Cohn and another attorney, Murray Gottesman, of perjury, conspiracy to commit perjury, and conspiracy to obstruct justice.

The Agreement. The charges against them stemmed from longtime investigations into stock swindling in the United Dye & Chemical Corp. In 1956 the Securities and Exchange Commission began looking into charges that a bunch of Las Vegas gamblers had taken over

out in the charges against Cohn. The fact is, that none of the four men was indicted by the 1959 grand jury.

Bribery? That was only the beginning. In 1961 another grand jury looked into the United Dye case. This time, Garfield, Pasternak, Roen and Swann were indicted. All four pleaded guilty. Pasternak was sentenced to 21 years in prison, but his actual entry into prison has been deferred. None of the other three has yet been sentenced—leading to the obvious conjecture that, with this sort of club hanging over their heads, one or all of them may yet end up as witnesses against Cohn.

All this, in turn, led to still another grand jury investigation. Beginning last year, it was aimed at discovering if bribery, threats or any other illegal tactics had been used to prevent indictments by the previous grand juries.

This time, both Cohn and fellow Attorney Gottesman were called to testify before the grand jury. Both, says the indictment, conspired with others to give "evasive, fictitious, fraudulent, vague, false and manufactured testimony." Furthermore, they conspired "corruptly, and by threats and threatening communications, to influence, intimidate and impede, and endeavor to influence,

REPUBLICANS

Making Their Records

Goldwater and Rockefeller remain the names most frequently mentioned in talk about the 1964 Republican presidential nomination. But if both Barry and Rocky were to falter, the most likely G.O.P. choice would be either Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton or Michigan's Governor George Romney. Both took office last January, replacing Democratic governors in key states with staggering economic problems. How each has met those problems may yet dictate the choice of next year's G.O.P. nominee. An interim report on their gubernatorial records:

Pennsylvania's Scranton took office with state unemployment at a horrendous 9.4%. He was prevented by outgoing Democrat David Lawrence with a budget carrying a \$53 million deficit—and, because of already-authorized new spending projects, holding the red ink even to that amount required raising \$175 million more than state tax revenues brought in the previous year.

Moreover, of some 80,000 state employees, about 60,000 held no civil service job tenure, were subject to the will and whim of Pennsylvania's notoriously patronage-minded politicians. Teachers' salaries were abysmally low, and highway construction was behind schedule.

Scranton, 46, went right to work, paring projected state financial obligations by \$90 million. But even that would have left a total deficit of about \$138 million. To raise the needed revenue, Scranton last April went before the legislature, asked for a hefty increase in the general sales tax, along with hiked cigarette and liquor taxes.

By numbers, Republicans controlled the Pennsylvania House 109 to 101, the Senate by 27 to 23. But there was bitter factionalism within the ranks of the G.O.P. legislators. It took Scranton more than a month of hard-nosed, behind-the-scenes persuasion before the legislature passed a bill that raised the sales tax from 4% to 5%. Scranton can now lay claim to a balanced budget—a feat that had been considered impossible only a few months before.

He also tackled Pennsylvania's patronage mess. He wanted more than 50,000 state employees put under civil service regulations that would place them safely beyond the reach of pork-bureling politicians. Again, Scranton pushed his proposals through a reluctant legislature.

He next won legislative approval of many more controversial proposals: \$35 million to raise school subsidies, the bulk to go for higher teachers' salaries; \$12.4 million for loans to struggling new and staggering old industries that could bolster the state's economy; new tax breaks for industry; \$262 million for the state's highway building program; election reforms.

Under his administration, Pennsylvania's unemployment rate dropped



SCRANTON AT RIBBON-CUTTING
Which one . . .

steadily all year, was down to 6.5% in August. He pitched into a hard-hitting national advertising campaign that promised new Pennsylvania industries "100% plant financing, a state-aided job-training program, a favorable tax climate." Since Scranton took office, 121 companies have announced that they will build new plants in Pennsylvania, another 138 have said that they plan to expand.

Last week, back from a hard-earned vacation, Scranton returned to his arduous statehouse job. He met with his Industrial Development Advisory Committee, cut a ribbon to open a new highway, read a batch of ceremonial proclamations every day, took a thick sheaf of paper work home every night. He still insisted that he had no presidential ambitions—but, as some of his admirers recalled, he had to be drafted to run for Governor.

Michigan's Romney took office in a near-bankrupt state with a debt of \$85.6 million. Romney received from defeated



ROMNEY AT STATE FAIR
... is the most likely?

Democratic Governor John Swainson an estimate of a budget surplus of about \$11 million for this fiscal year. Judging from the past, that estimate seemed optimistic—and Romney could not have been blamed if more red ink had been splashed on Michigan's ledgers.

But Romney hit it lucky. A national boom in auto sales, upon which so much of Michigan's economy depends, spurred tax revenues beyond anyone's wildest dreams. As of June, Michigan had a \$62.6 million budget surplus. Romney applied it to reducing the state debt. Looking ahead, his aides predicted that by next June Romney could cut Michigan's state debt to a piddling \$5,000,000. Romney was the first to admit that as Governor he had had little to do with the boom. He was happy to say that Michigan was simply basking "in a financial sun."

During his first session with a legislature dominated by conservatives who are definitely not of his "Citizens for Michigan" stripe, Romney scored well. He got a controversial revision of unemployment compensation rates; he won authorization for a new, 100,000-seat stadium, in the hope that Detroit will get the 1968 Olympic games; he pushed through a congressional redistricting plan—after dozens of others had been turned down over the past three years. Most impressive, was the slim victory he engineered in April for a new state constitution.

But Romney's toughest tests are yet to come. Despite Michigan's present appearance of prosperity, the state's tax structure is as antiquated as Methuselah. State revenues depend on a crazy quilt of taxes: a 4% sales tax on assorted items ranging from food to shoes to medicines; a "business activities tax" based on a firm's gross dollar volume rather than on net profits; excise taxes on liquor, telephone bills, cigarettes, beer, and motel rooms.

Michigan has no individual income tax or corporate income tax *per se*—and to Romney's way of thinking, the state must have these if it is ever to get on a permanent, sound financial footing.

During the Michigan legislature's regular 1963 session, Romney deliberately refrained from demanding such tax-structure revisions. He was convinced that he would be defeated if he forced the issue then. But since the April adjournment, he has entertained both Republican and Democratic leaders at his summer home on Mackinac Island, made 16 public appearances around the state to urge his ideas upon voters.

Romney then vacationed briefly in Europe last month, took his grandchildren to the Michigan State Fair last week, then faced his crisis again by calling a special legislative session for this week. The main aim would be to approve Romney's proposals for state fiscal reform. If that aim is achieved, George Romney will be riding high. If it fails, he may have to wait a few years before he can be considered a proper presidential possibility.

THE WORLD

RED CHINA

The Self-Bound Gulliver

[See Cover]

"Communism is not love!" cried Mao Tse-tung. "Communism is a hammer we use to destroy our enemies!"

Mao, the somewhat enigmatic ruler of Red China, has certainly been flailing in all directions with his hammer of late, but nothing much has been destroyed. Even Nikita Khrushchev, Mao's most recent target, has emerged unscathed from Peking's incessant

an isolation so complete that he can count as certain allies only tiny North Korea in Asia and even tinier Albania in Europe.

It seems like sheer lunacy for Mao to challenge the two greatest powers on earth at a time when China's industry and agriculture are still staggering from the disasters of the Great Leap Forward and before he has the armaments to engage in any large-scale contest. But it is entirely possible that Mao may have come to feel that the only way to break China's economic fetters, and still

be born this month, will federate Malaya, North Borneo, Singapore and Sarawak in an anti-Communist grouping. Indonesia is no more unstable than before. India, brought face-to-face with reality by Red China's 1962 assault, is rebuilding its army with the help of Russia, Britain and the U.S. Even the non-Communist states in trouble—South Korea, South Viet Nam and Burma—are in little danger of a Communist takeover.

Thus the rim of nations that surround the vast mainland of China is stronger economically and politically than ever before.

But Mao, the arrogant outcast, is seldom turned from a course of action because it may be difficult—either for him or his country. In his first major speech in six years, he denounced the "enslavement" of American Negroes, declared that he was "firmly convinced that, with the support of more than 90% of the earth's population, American Negroes will be victorious in their just struggle."

Wooing Brothers. Mao's minions have been beating the racial drum at huge pro-Negro rallies in major Chinese cities. In an 18-month period, 87 African delegations traveled to Peking, and red-carpet welcomes are given such visitors as Burundi's Queen Thérèse Kanyonga and Somalia's Prime Minister Abdirasid Sceremarche. Chinese propagandists in Kenya are using the slogan: "We black brothers must unite!"

Red China is also wooing its yellow and brown brothers in the Asian Communist parties, with considerable success in Japan, Ceylon and, of all places, New Zealand. North Viet Nam's wispy leader, Ho Chi Minh, is ambiguous about his loyalties, but must reflect that Red China is next door while Russia is far away. Indonesia's Red chief, D. N. Aidit, walks a zigzag line, and Burma, typically, has two Communist factions—one for Mao, one for Khrushchev.

To Western eyes, Red China seems a Gulliver tied hand and foot by its own deficiencies. In Mao's dreams, China is a giant that first stood up when the Communists took power in 1949, and already towers militarily over the Lilliputian nations of Asia.

R Trouble. The view from Washington is at least consistent: it holds that, whatever the posture of the Chinese giant, Mao's regime legally does not exist. As for Moscow, it is employing against China the richly vituperative vocabulary built up in long years of excoriating imperialists, Trotskyites, deviationists and running dogs of fascism. The Russians called Mao a "foul liar" who is "trying to destroy the unity of the socialist camp" and charged the Red Chinese leaders with being "ready to sacrifice hundreds of millions of people in a nuclear conflict to establish world Communism." Peking took just as heavily on Khrushchev's toe by asking who it was who "irresponsibly played



"OF COURSE, THERE'S NO DISCRIMINATION IN CHINA. HERE WE ENSLAVE EVERYBODY!"

blows. The only thing Mao has done with his paper hammer is to fan new hatreds for himself and his Red regime.

Tiny Allies. Not too long ago, Red China had friends galore. Many of the underdeveloped nations of Asia, and colonial peoples everywhere, listened admiringly to Mao's boastful plans of a swift transition from poverty to plenty. The left wing in Western Europe and the U.S., disenchanted with Stalin's terror, saw Mao as a new and nobler architect of a peoples' socialism. In the United Nations, it seemed only a matter of time before rambunctious Afro-Asian votes overcame U.S. resistance to the idea of taking China's seat away from the Nationalists on Formosa and giving it to the Communist regime.

But Mao finds little sympathy anywhere in the world today. He has embroiled his hard-pressed country in simultaneous feuds with the U.S., the Soviet Union and India, the three most populous nations in the world after his own. In fact, he has plunged China into

abide by his harsh ideological tenets, lies in a dramatic change in the international political order.

To that end he has emphasized both race and color in his attempt to win friends and alliances. Red China has always dreamed of one day replacing Indonesia's oil, Thailand's rice, even Japan's technology, as fuel for a huge Asian alliance that could safely defy the West. And now Mao has been emphasizing color as a way to align the have-not nations of Asia and Africa against the West.

World's 90%. Fortunately, few Asian lands are in a mood to follow Red China. Japan is enjoying an industrial boom and an affluent life comparable to that of Western Europe. Formosa, with significant U.S. aid, has had successive fine harvests in contrast to mainland China, and boasts a battle-ready army of 400,000 men. The Philippines has a stable working democracy these days, and is forging close links with its fellow Malay nations. Malaysia, a state scheduled to

with the lives of millions by recklessly introducing rockets into Cuba and then humiliatingly withdrawing them." What really outraged the Russians was Red China's presumption. *Izvestia* spluttered that in 1961 China equated its winning of the world championship in table tennis with the first Soviet manned space flight, and ridiculed Peking's claim that the multi-stage rocket carrier was a Chinese invention of the 9th century. The Russians added wittingly that the Chinese were even incapable of pronouncing the letter *R* and always said, "R-R-Revolution."

Pandas & Tigers. It would seem obvious that Mao Tse-tung has enough trouble at home without looking for it abroad. The Great Leap Forward, launched with such fanfare in 1958, was

prowling tigers, from the invigorating ginseng root to groves of thin *nannu* trees.

To its people, China simply means "Here." Since the days of prehistory, China has traditionally been a world in itself, separated from outside barbarians by the most perfect of physical barriers. On the east and south is the Pacific, the largest of oceans. To the west rises the highest plateau on earth. In the north stretch thousands of miles of desert; and here, to prevent repeated incursions of hard-riding nomads, Chinese emperors built the 1,500-mile Great Wall.

Rebellion's Home. Though united by an ancient culture, China has never been as monolithic as it looks. An east-west line drawn across the country be-

typical of the northern provinces is perhaps Hopeh, which contains the capital city of Peking. From its rugged border with Manchuria, the province runs down in a shelving plain to the shallow Gulf of Chihli. Very few eminent Communists come from Hopeh or its neighboring province of Shansi, which is noted for sacred mountains and such spectacular cave temples as Yun Kang, where a mile-long cliff face has been chiseled into thousands of Buddhist images. Shensi is revered as the birthplace of the Chinese nation, and when the country was first unified by the Ch'in dynasty in 221 B.C., its capital was near present-day Sian.

South China is a much larger and more varied region than the north. The people of Kiangsi are the Scots of Chi-



COMMUNE BLAST FURNACES, 1958
Setting everything back five years.

intended to bring quick success in 1) building a pure Communist state, and 2) making China over into a first-class world power. Instead, the Leap's frenzied mobilization of peasants into communes, the setting up of backyard blast furnaces, and the 24-hour-a-day speed-up in the factories nearly wrecked the nation. Today, China's aging Red leadership (average age: 63) knows that it will never see the promised land, and that China must labor on for at least a quarter century—perhaps much longer—before accomplishing the second goal.

What manner of country and what sort of people must the Communists deal with in trying to accomplish their mission? China, of course, is enormous—14 times the size of Texas. It extends 2,400 miles from the banks of the Amur River in topmost Manchuria to the tropical jungle border with Viet Nam, and 2,500 miles across from the indented coast on the China Sea to the Kunlun Mountains deep in Central Asia. Inside this vast domain lies just about every variety of flora and fauna imaginable, from rollicking pandas to

tween the valleys of the Yangtze and Yellow rivers divides North from South China. North of the line, summers are short and hot, winters long and bitterly cold, and the principal crops are wheat and millet. The men of North China are often as tall as Americans, relatively placid, ceremonial and—say the southerners—slow-thinking. South of the line, the climate is hot and humid, and the principal crop is rice. Broken up into valleys and small plains by innumerable mountain ranges, the South is the home of individualism, anarchy and mystical introspection. The short-statured southerners speak a multitude of dialects, are commercially enterprising and perennially rebellious—almost every Chinese revolution has originated in the South. Practically all Chinese citizens of the U.S. came originally from a small South China area near Canton called Toishan, which is today, curiously enough, known in China as "the home of volleyball."

Nation's Birthplace. China's 22 provinces baffle foreigners because so many of them sound alike (Honan, Hunan; Kiangsu, Kiangsi; Shansi, Shensi). Most

na and are said to be clannish, stingy and quarrelsome. They have had long experience of Communism and, presumably, few illusions, since the Chinese Soviet Republic was established there in 1931 and held out against the Nationalists until 1934, when Mao led what was left of his troops on the 8,000-mile Long March to Yenan in the north. Kiangsi's sound-alike neighbor, Kiangsu, had a reputation for voluptuousness and easy living. The Kiangsu city of Soochow was the Sybaris of old China, and prostitutes in all parts of the country tried to imitate the soft Soochow dialect with its musical, rounded vowels.

Land of Leaders. The fruit-rich province of Shantung, home of Confucius and his fellow sage Mencius, is inhabited by a sturdy peasantry that speaks a Mandarin dialect so harsh and unmelodic that Chinese say, "Better to quarrel with a man from Soochow than to converse civilly with a Shantungese." Beautiful Szechwan boasts that it grows enough food to feed five provinces, and it is filled with terraced hills, rivers, coal and valuable minerals. Anhwei contains the sugar-loaf mountains and pin-

U. S. S. R.







"THE GOOD 8TH COMPANY" IN SHANGHAI
Every penny counts.

nailed rocks made famous by the misty paintings of Chinese artists.

To the Communists, the three most important provinces are the southern states of Hunan, Chekiang and Kwangtung, which produced most of today's Red leaders.* Mao Tse-tung was born near the capital city of Changsha, as was his No. 2 man, Liu Shao-chi. Other Red Hunanese: Labor Boss Li Li-san, Army Commanders Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jung-huan. Kwangtung, with its capital city of Canton, is the nerve center of South China. Its men have a reputation for pugnacity and business enterprise, its women for slim, almond-eyed beauty.

Way out West. Beyond China proper extend vast territories that were conquered centuries ago but often lightly held by the Chinese. The broad plains of Manchuria have become the three provinces of Kirin, Heilungkiang, and Liaoning. Shenyang, formerly known as Mukden, is the Pittsburgh of China, and its steel mills are within sight of the felt-covered tents of Manchu herdsmen, who are now outnumbered about 10 to 1 by Chinese immigrants.

At Inner Mongolia begins China's Far West, which almost exactly resembles that of the U.S.—prairie, desert and towering mountains—and is inhabited by the Chinese equivalent of American Indians, the Uighur, Kazakh and Kirghiz tribesmen, who are distinct in race and religion (Moslem) from their overlords. The tribesmen have repeated-

ly rebelled against all central governments and make no exception of the Communist regime.

Leap's Loss. No one can say with accuracy how many people live within China's borders. The Communists' 1953 census said 582 million. The Chinese Nationalists argue that this figure was too high; in fact, says the U.S. Census Bureau, it was far too low, and virtually all Western experts agree. In any case, the U.S. State Department believes that China's population in June of this year was somewhere in the neighborhood of 720 million.

This land and this people have now lived for 14 years under the rule of the Communists. The gains have been convulsive: schools built at the same frenzied pace as tractor plants; hospitals rushed up in provinces that had scarcely even seen a doctor; roads and railways thrown over gorges, through mountains and across deserts.

The pace was so fast and frenzied that it resulted in mismanagement and administrative lunacy to the extent that the Communists have lost China a good five years in its rebuilding, and the nation is now estimated to be just about where it was in 1957 in industry and crop production. Even in 1957, supplies were just barely sufficient for needs, and since that time, at least 70 million more Chinese have been born—and must be fed, clothed, housed and educated. Peking has dug into its slender cash reserves to buy wheat from abroad at a total cost of \$782 million.

The quarrel with Russia has been equally damaging. When Soviet engineers and technicians were abruptly called home in 1960, they not only left many construction jobs incomplete but also took their blueprints with them. Peking finds spare parts for Soviet equipment hard to get, and must cannibalize some machines to keep others working. Many factories are now devoted to making spare parts instead of new items. Heavy industry has had to give way to light, and at least two railroad car plants are now turning out rubber-tired handcars and wheelbarrows.

Iron Monuments. Agriculture is China's jugular vein, and the year's critical period is the winter crop harvest, which takes place in spring and early summer. Current estimates are that this year's crop will fluctuate around the 180-185 million tons of grain achieved last year—a good but not a sensationally good harvest.

The communes of the Great Leap exist no longer except on paper, and the countryside is dotted with rusting pillars of pig iron, melancholy memorials of the backyard furnaces that Mao thought would revitalize China. The typical farm unit now is a production team of 25 to 40 families, which are given considerable autonomy in deciding what and when to plant. Private plots were returned to the peasants in 1961, and are producing well for the free market. As usual, the Communists keep close watch: the stick comes down

in the form of close regulation of the free market, and the carrot is dangled in the guarantees of slightly higher prices for crops sold to the state over and above the compulsory deliveries. In the past and in the foreseeable future, every harvest becomes a time of national breath holding. In a borderline economy, any improvement is immediately felt, and so is every decline.

Double Selves. But what most threatens the regime is the squandered reserves of good will among millions of Chinese who had been impressed by the Communists' display of strength, incorruptibility and iron discipline. More than by physical labor, the Chinese have been worn out by mass brain-washing sessions, public-accusation meetings, collective confessions, and endless "struggle" conferences in which relays of Reds upbraid backsliders. As a result, harried citizens develop what one expert calls "double selves, an outer, superficial self that conforms to Communist demands, and an inner, moral self that remains hidden."

But in general, rigid discipline fell away with the collapse of the Great Leap, and food rations were increased to appease a restive citizenry. More recently, a new campaign has been instituted to stamp out apathy. It is a more sophisticated project. These days no one urges the citizenry to collect flies in matchboxes: the cry is: Fight waste, fight corruption, fight privilege.

Nice to Mothers. Some of the trappings of the new propaganda campaign are weird. In recent months, newspapers and magazines have rejoiced over the behavior of the "good 8th Company on Nanking Road," an army detachment on garrison duty in the heart of wicked Shanghai. These heroes have preserved their Communist purity for 14 long years in the face of innumerable temptations by bourgeois capitalist devils. When "professional loafers" tried to bribe them with wads of banknotes, the money was spurned; when "overdressed women accosted them on the street, the soldiers ordered them away." One sol-



HERO LEI FENG
Fingers are for digging.

*As well as most of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's unseated Kuomintang chiefs.

dier found a penny and promptly turned it over to the company's political instructor, who explained to the others: "One cent is almost nothing, but if he had kept it, he would have a shady spot in his heart."

Even more edifying is the case of 22-year-old Lei Feng, a squad leader in an army transport company stationed in Manchuria. In the bad old days, his father was buried alive by the Japanese, his two brothers starved to death, and his mother hanged herself after being raped by a landlord. In the good new days, Lei Feng was always helping old ladies across streets, buying railway tickets for mothers who had lost theirs, rushing out to do volunteer work on dikes and canals, and digging with his fingers when his shovel broke. Lei Feng died last year in an accident but, fortunately for the propagandists, left behind a 200,000-word diary filled with such sentiments as "I think my purpose in life is to work for a better life for others," and, "I am all for the Party, Socialism and Communism."

Hailed as the ideal Communist, Lei Feng is intended to be the model for Chinese youth who have trouble identifying with the grizzled veterans of the Long March and the Civil War. In the past year, at least 40 books have been written about Lei Feng, and 1,000 story-tellers roam the villages enthralling illiterate peasants with his exploits and his love of Mao.

The regime's leadership set an example of Lei Feng-like solidarity last July after Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping fainted in his effort in Moscow to end the Sino-Soviet split. When Teng returned to Peking, he was met at the airport by an unprecedented welcoming committee consisting of Mao Tse-tung and virtually every other top official not ill or on out-of-town assignment.

Collecting Coupons. If Lei Feng represents the mythical young Chinese, what is the reality like? One answer came last week from a U.S. turncoat, Belgian-born Albert Belhomme, a former G.I. who had defected to China after the Korean War. After ten years in China, Belhomme and two other U.S. defectors, Lowell Skinner and Scott Rush, became disillusioned and were allowed to leave the country.

Belhomme says the average wage at the paper factory in Tsinan where he was employed was about \$18 a month. Single workers lived in dormitories with four bunks to a room, families in one-room apartments in blocks of brick flats. During lunch breaks at the factory, Belhomme recalls, workers "talked mostly about food, how to get food, and prices." When an office worker referred to the Communist cadres as "golden boys," his reward was a trip to a "labor-education camp," and then to jail. On his return, he was re-employed, but as a common laborer.

In China today, food is plentiful in some areas, scarce in others. So it is with items such as cloth. Last year, when the cloth ration in Canton was

only 1½ feet per person annually, it was 7 feet in Tsinan. To buy commodities, workers needed coupons as well as money; one coupon, plus the necessary cash price, got a small cooking pot. Each citizen also received a ticket for two bars of toilet soap a year, and one of laundry soap per month, and there were ration cards for cooking oil, flour, sugar and sweets. The meat ration in Tsinan is currently three ounces a month, and grain is 37 pounds for men doing "medium-heavy" work. (Most towns also have free markets, at which food is available off ration at high prices.) Says Belhomme: "People

dha, and he is said to be far greater "than the empty, hypocritical and negative Jesus Christ." Peasants are taught to sing:

The sun is rising in the east.

China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung.

He plans blessings for the people.

Always, he is the peoples' great savior!

Whatever the propaganda, Mao has worked for more than 30 years with the other six members of the Standing Committee of the 19-man Politburo without an internal bloodbath—a record unmatched by any other modern tyranny, AP



TURNCOATS BELHOMME, SKINNER AND RUSH

Food, food, glorious food.

are not hungry today, but they are definitely not full."

The grimness and scarcity of life in China is sometimes brightened by exploits testifying to the ingenuity and dogged work of its citizens. Canada's Dr. Wilder Penfield, one of the world's top neurosurgeons, returned last week from Red China and told of a University of Shanghai medical team that built a heart-lung machine from scratch in 18 months. When they tested it with dogs, the animals died of air bubbles in the heart. The Chinese went back to work, guided only by articles in medical journals, and three years later came up with a far better machine which has now been used in 60 successful open-heart surgical cases.

Planned Blessings. China's future depends largely upon the pillars of the party: the army and the students. From all three must come the skills and dedication needed to deal with the staggering problems posed by overpopulation and underproduction. At the top of the pyramid is Chairman Mao Tse-tung, whom the party acknowledges to be omnipotent and incapable of mistakes. The people are endlessly told that Mao is the sun, the lodestar, the living Bud-

Communist or Fascist. Among this band of brothers, dissent is possible—you may lose your job but not your head. Economic Chief Chen Yun opposed Mao's Great Leap and it only cost him a temporary fall from power. The other five committeemen are Heir Apparent Liu Shao-chi (TIME, Oct. 12, 1959), Premier Chou En-lai (TIME, May 10, 1954), Defense Minister Lin Piao, Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping and Congress Chairman Chu Teh.

Unhappy Generals. The People's Liberation Army—now 2,600,000 strong—is by far the most impressive product of Red China, but there is evidence of dissatisfaction at the top and bottom of the army. Among the generals, those having a guerrilla mentality conflict with the professionals, who argue that to obtain the supplies needed by a modern army, China must cooperate closely with the Soviet Union. Defense Minister Peng Teh-huai, leading spokesman for the professionals, was dismissed from his post in 1959, but remains a member of the Communist Central Committee. The Sino-Soviet split seriously hampers the air force (3,000 planes, half of them old-fashioned MIG-15 fighters), which has been de-



MAO & FRIENDS* AT PEKING AIRPORT, JULY 1963
Solidarity in the face of cleavage.

pendent on Russia for aircraft, jet fuel and spare parts. The split with Moscow doubtless upset many high-ranking officers, and last May the party launched one of the biggest of its periodic cleanings of the armed forces. Nineteen new army regulations were announced. Their aim was to "place the army under absolute party leadership and to guarantee that the army will advance victoriously in line with the directives of Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung."

Peking Posters. Red China's educational system is based on promotion of the best students and work for the rest—often as "cultured peasants" to raise the intellectual level in the villages. These luckless students and their families hate the whole business, and the Communist press is campaigning to make ex-students "gladly" accept their work assignments. One paper recently heaped glory on the college students who smirked scarcely at all when one old grad came back to take a job on the campus—cleaning the toilets.

The schools have become a casualty of the Great Leap. In 1961-62, enrollment was cut 20%, and then cut another 20% the following year. This is a dangerous business, for it was student disaffection that made the Communists' task all the easier in their final big push against the Kuomintang. Communism's problem, at this moment of industrial slowdown, is that there is a shortage of technical and managerial jobs, not of educated people.

The Communist Party has viewed the students with considerable suspicion ever since the period of the Hundred Flowers, when student manifestoes and posters denouncing government excesses were slapped on every space available. Some tattered bits of these inflammatory posters still cling to the walls and ceilings at Peking University, which has an enrollment of 100,000. Among the thousands of Chinese refugees pouring into Hong Kong in the past year and a half, there has been a small trickle of engineers and intellectuals, former believers who are now disillusioned. They are not party members, and the number is not large: the

significance lies in the fact that it is the first time such Communist-educated intellectuals have been fleeing Red China.

Sheaf of Secrets. The Sino-Soviet exchanges are reaching such a point of bitterness that in earlier and simpler times, both nations would have been mobilizing their armies. Yet, for all the intemperateness of its language, Peking has been notably cautious about getting deeply involved beyond Red China's own frontiers—in line with the Red Chinese axiom, "Despise the enemy strategically, but respect him tactically." The West got an inside look at Red China's perspective on great-power conflicts back in 1961, when U.S. agents obtained possession of a 40,000-word sheaf of secret bulletins that had been issued to officers by the General Political Affairs Department of Red China's army. In one bulletin, Laos was

described as an imperialist cork to keep Chinese influence out of Southeast Asia. With typical self-concern, the Chinese called Laos the "focus" of the "world-wide anti-imperialist struggle," although, for the Russians, Berlin was far more vital. But Peking welcomed the cease-fire ordered by the Geneva agreements. Partly, this was in line with their traditional formula of fight a little, talk a little. The captured documents disclosed the military tie-up with the 1961 spring of despair at home, when Red China faced internal uprisings, widespread food shortages, and morale problems in the army itself. Soldiers grumbled at conditions in the villages, complaining that "at present, what the farmers eat is even worse than what dogs eat," and charging "village cadres with beating and scolding people just as in the old society." Peking wanted no additional trouble in Laos.

Where's the Bomb? Another reason for Chinese caution was the gloomy conviction that Moscow would withhold help. Warned a Communist general, "If there is a war within three to five years, we will have to rely on the weapons we now have." Today the weapons China most desperately wants—nuclear warheads—are nowhere in sight. Peking is so bitter about Moscow's reneging on its 1957 agreement to help create a Red Chinese atom bomb that it has broadcast details of the Russian about-face. Chinese physicists are now believed to be two to three years away from detonating a nuclear blast, farther still from what the experts call a "significant capability." But work proceeds on the project, for Peking hopes that achievement of nuclear status, however primitive, will gain prestige among the underdeveloped millions on earth whose respect—and alliance—the Red Chinese are out to win.

The noise from Peking showed no sign of diminishing, and continued to fascinate the non-Communist world with fresh tales of old skeletons in Communist closets. In one announcement, Red China took full credit for forcing a weak-kneed Khrushchev "who had decided to abandon Social-

Front row, left to right: Huang Yen-pei, Chu Teh, Chen Yi (in white hat), Liu Shao-chi, Teng Hsiao-ping, Mao Tse-tung, Peng Chen, Chen Shu-tung, Chou En-lai, Kang Sheng, Feng Izu-hua.



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taste as well.

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smoke Kent?

FOR BOTH MILDNESS
AND SATISFYING TASTE
SMOKE KENT

KENT

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE

ist Hungary to counterrevolution") to send Russian tanks into Budapest and crush the 1956 uprising. Peking radio also made an unprecedented reference to important factional disputes within the top ranks of the Chinese Communist Party. Khrushchev was accused of openly voicing support for "antiparty elements" in China. Western experts believe the Chinese "elements" Khrushchev was supporting were military men who opposed the growing Sino-Soviet split, most likely former Defense Minister Peng Teh-huai and his Deputy, Huang Ke-cheng. Khrushchev is additionally charged with trying to sell Peking on a "two Chinas" plan as a means of settling Mao's quarrel with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Peking radio also confirmed earlier reports that Russia was stirring up the Kazakh tribesmen in Sinkiang against their Chinese masters. Only last year, Red China charged, Russia had lured some 10,000 Kazakhs in Sinkiang into crossing the border into Soviet Kazakhstan. Despite repeated protest from Peking, Russia refused to give back the Kazakhs because of "humanitarianism"—a pretext that China clearly regarded as ludicrous.

Whether or not Red China succeeds in its great design to be leader of an Afro-Asian-Latin American alliance, Mao Tse-tung will not be around to see the result. At 69, Mao now needs help in walking. He disappears for long stretches, reportedly to meditate in his pavilion facing lovely West Lake in Hangchow. No one really knows why he gave up the Chairmanship of the government in 1958 after one term in office. Perhaps it was to devote more time to his key job as head of the party. Or was he preparing an orderly transition for his successor?

So deep is the cleavage between China and the Soviet Union that it could hardly be resolved except by the death or disappearance of either Mao or Khrushchev. But, after Mao, who? The immediate successor is almost certain to be Liu Shao-chi, the party's No. 2 man. After that, it is anyone's guess. Comments a China expert: "From the outside, one can see the forces that must, or should be, coming to grips in the arena of China's internal power struggle. But we can only see these forces intellectually and, I repeat, from the outside. We can't translate them into real developments or individuals within China."

Waiting in the wings are the young and middle-aged party leaders—pragmatic technicians rather than fanatic dogmatists—who have been frustrated during the years of Old Guard rule. Mao and the veterans of the Long March have suffered few deaths. But a series of state funerals is obviously and actuarially, in the cards. China's future, and that of world Communism, clearly depends on which emergent Chinese Communists will carry the coffins.



VON HORN



SALLAL

Sick of politics and politically ill.

MIDDLE EAST

The Mess in Yemen

The nasty little war in Yemen, one year old this month, is dragging on in grand disregard for the peace-seeking efforts of the U.N. Neither Egypt nor Saudi Arabia has honored its pledge, which both made earlier this year under U.S. mediation pressure, to disengage simultaneously from Yemen. Although Nasser has sent home six shiploads of troops, he has rotated in fresh detachments, and at least 20,000 Egyptian soldiers are still in Yemen propping up the republican regime of President Abdullah Sallal. All the while, money and munitions from the monarchies of Saudi Arabia and Jordan still pour across the 25-mile-wide buffer zone to royalist tribesmen supporting dethroned Imam Mohamed el Badr. So far as the actual fighting is concerned, it is still a stand-off, with the republicans controlling the cities and the plains, and the royalists holed up in—and defending—key strong points in the central mountains.

Short Rations. It is all very frustrating for the 200-man U.N. team, which was rushed to the scene from the Gaza Strip two months ago in an effort to stop the shooting. The unit, made up mostly of Yugoslav soldiers and Canadian airmen, was far too small to police the vast, empty Yemen frontier, and from the start it was plagued by bad breaks and hostility from local authorities. The team's first commander, Swedish Major General Carl von Horn, had hardly set up headquarters in the mud-walled capital of San'a when his horse, being led down a dusty street, kicked a Yemeni government official, resulting in the arrest of both groom and horse. U.N. planes are regularly fired on (none has been downed so far), and last month a Russian-made Egyptian Ilyushin jet bomber attacking Najran inside Saudi Arabia nearly scored a direct hit on a U.N. platoon. Getting into the

act, the Russians have sent in at least 900 workmen and technicians, who are constructing a new jet airport north of San'a. Recently, the Russians threw an inquiring U.N. inspector off the premises when he approached the airport to conduct a routine inspection. Apart from such harassment, the U.N. teams found it downright dangerous to travel around the country.

All in all, admitted U.N. Secretary-General U. Thant, in effect, the U.N.-sanctioned project has been a flop. And for him it has been a rather messy flop, for in the past three weeks he and Von Horn have had an ugly exchange of recriminations. The prestigious but stormy Von Horn, first U.N. chief in the Congo and for five years head of the U.N.'s Palestine peace-keeping force, suddenly resigned in a cable to Thant, charging lack of sufficient logistic support, aircraft and even rations. Thant branded Von Horn's charges "irresponsible and reckless," announced last week that the mission would continue, thanks to "oral assurances" by Egypt and Saudi Arabia that they would continue splitting the bill (\$200,000 per month) for another two months.

Sick Rebel. One victim of the Yemen conflict is the man who started it all by overthrowing the Imam: ex-Palace Guard, now President and field marshal, Abdullah Sallal, 42. Last month Sallal flew to Cairo for talks with Nasser, but entered a hospital and was discharged for convalescence only last week. A physician who helped treat Sallal confided that he was suffering from a nervous breakdown. "President Nasser visited him once briefly. We gave him tranquilizers. We brought in Egypt's greatest comedian, Imayen Yessin, to raise his spirits. We showed him movies. We flew in his wife from Yemen," the doctor related, but added sadly: "His sickness is really political. If we could give him good news about Yemen, he would recover."

HUNGARY

"Humanizing" Communism

After the revolutions of 1848 swept the Continent, Hungarian Patriot Lajos Kossuth said that his countrymen were the "reddest republicans in Europe." Today, seven years after Russian tanks crushed the Hungarian revolt, Hungary's 14 million people are fast becoming Europe's most re-republican Reds.

Western influences pop up everywhere throughout the country. Despite a scarcity of eggs and meat, store windows display Elizabeth Arden cosmetics, Napoleon brandy and a selection of Scotch. Modern art hangs on gallery walls, and newspaper censorship has been relaxed: when President Kennedy's sisters, Pat Lawford and Jean Smith, visited Budapest, television and radio crews dogged their footsteps. Restrictions against travel to the West have been eased; long lines of visa applicants daily queue up outside Western embassies in Budapest, and it is now chic for vacationing Hungarian couples to agree to meet in Venice.

Hungary's new look is largely the result of efforts by Premier Janos Kadar to wipe out the stain of having personally called in Russian troops and tanks to suppress the 1956 revolution. Having found that a lighter yoke yields greater economic prosperity and less political unrest, Kadar has made Hungary—next to Poland—the most liberal of the satellite regimes. That, of course, is still very much a relative matter, but Hungarians are grateful for small favors. "Times can never be the same again," says one. "The revolt was not in vain."

Subtle Revision. Kadar's new stance has had a favorable effect at the U.N., which since 1956 has refused to approve or disapprove the credentials of Kadar's U.N. delegates (though they actually

take part in debates and vote). The final trace of U.N. disapproval disappeared recently when Secretary-General U Thant spent three days in Hungary and seven hours with Kadar himself. Even the U.S., unable to round up continued support to block Hungarian accreditation, will not oppose the official seating of Hungary's delegation at the next General Assembly session.

Aiming to "humanize Communism," Kadar has sacked Stalinist political hacks, appointed non-Communists to Cabinet posts, and allowed nonparty members to serve in the Parliament. He has granted amnesty to thousands of political prisoners and encouraged refugees who fled in 1956 to return with free pardons; today the government claims that more than one-third of 1956's 200,000 refugees have come back home. Worker membership in the Communist Party is not a sure guarantee of success. "We are not going to give red bloods the same privilege once enjoyed by bluebloods," says Kadar.

Travel restrictions on U.S. diplomats in Budapest have been lifted, enabling them to go anywhere in the country except to military zones. Delicate negotiations are being carried on with the Vatican over the future of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who is still in asylum at the U.S. legation and whom the government wants to leave the country. First signs of a rapport with Rome appeared when the government announced that it would approve Pope Paul's assignment of six new Catholic bishops to vacant Hungarian sees. But the government still refuses to let other bishops and some 1,000 priests perform their duties.

Off to Belgrade. More than 90% of Hungarian agriculture has been collectivized, but farmers can use state machinery to cultivate their own tiny plots.



PREMIER KADAR

It's chic to meet in Venice.

Increasingly, the government is trying to channel a larger part of the economy into the production of consumer goods. Today some Hungarian gypsies actually have TV sets—though they often go around barefoot.

Hungary, of course, is still a totalitarian state. Watchtowers, minefields and barbed-wire fences seal off the country from the West. Though the midnight knock by the secret police is almost a thing of the past, more than 40,000 Russian troops—and the hideous memory of 1956—still remain. Kadar steadfastly follows every new twist of Khrushchev policy. No sooner had Nikita Khrushchev left Yugoslavia after making his peace with Marshal Tito than Kadar made plans to visit Belgrade this week, seeking to strengthen Hungary's economic, diplomatic and cultural ties with the onetime "revisionist" bad boy of the satellites.

Never in Hungary. But Kadar's liberalization does permit Hungarians to laugh at themselves—and at their regime—as long as Communist ideology itself is not attacked. In the latest issue of the Hungarian satirical weekly *Ludas Matyi*, the editors reflect on Britain's recent \$7,000,000 mail train robbery and conclude that it could never have happened in Hungary. "We lack all the requirements for it," said the magazine. "First, of the 30 men in the gang, at least four would have been out sick, eight would have gone by mistake to another railway embankment, and three would have telegraphed from Lake Balaton that they could not come for two days. It would also not have been possible to cover the green track signal because we still have a cover shortage. In addition, a mail train here would have been two hours late. The bandits loaded the money they stole in a truck. They could do that in England, but here, where the truck service stations are three months behind in their work, what could they have loaded the bags on?"



BUDAPEST SWIMMING POOL
Others watch TV barefoot.

On Christmas Day, 1961, I flew American's last non fan-jet flight.

The American Airlines fan-jet story



The pilot, Captain Wynne.



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AYUB & BALL
Diplomatese for a deadlock.

PAKISTAN

Whose Ally?

As U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball flew in to Rawalpindi last week to express chagrin over Pakistan's budding friendship with Red China, he got a quick and bitter taste of the nation's new mood. No fewer than five Chinese Communist delegations—including poets, pingpong players and trade officials—were getting the welcome treatment from Pakistani officials. Gleelessly, the Pakistan press trumpeted the words of one visiting Chinese hard who wrote: "You are on the western coast of the sea and we are on the east. The tidal waves of the ocean roar, and intermingling, we can hear the sound of our heartbeat."

Amid this hearty stuff, Ball passed the word to Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan that the U.S. hoped Pakistan would not carry its palsy-walsy campaign with Red China too far. But all Ayub and the other Pakistanis wanted to talk about was their preoccupation with increased military aid to India, which they consider a betrayal by the U.S. and a threat to Pakistan's security.

Behind Pakistan's new stance is growing pressure on Ayub by neutralist Pakistani politicians such as 35-year-old Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Emerging from sessions with Ayub and Bhutto, Ball declared that "we have a better understanding of each other's point of view." It was diplomatese for a stubborn deadlock. Although Ayub privately had made it clear that he will not sign any military pacts with China and wants to remain an ally of the West, he passed along word to his American guest that Pakistan is not about to back down on the new air agreement it had just signed with China. Pakistan underscored its attitude toward Peking by announcing an agreement to survey the border between China's Sinkiang region and the Pakistan-controlled portion of Kashmir.

CONGO

Bridging the Past

Principal artery of commerce in the Congo was traditionally the Congolese National Route, a 1,725-mile rail-river-rail connection from Elisabethville in Katanga to the Atlantic gateway at Matadi. But the route became unusable with the outbreak of civil war. Whenever Katanga's secessionist Moïse Tshombe felt events going against him, he quickly ordered another railroad bridge blown up. Thus, since 1960 most traffic has moved on alternate rail lines through Portuguese Angola and Mozambique. But the routes across foreign territory soak up revenue badly needed within the Congo, and last week Premier Cyrille Adoua hopefully dedicated a new railroad bridge at Bukama, the final rebuilt link in the Katanga-Matadi run. "This is not only a bridge over the Lualaba River," said Adoua. "It is a bridge over the unhappy past."

Though a milestone of sorts, the Bukama bridge also marks the petty pace of Congolese unity, for the steamy 25-day trip by barge and bxcar remains an awesome obstacle course. Some of the 23 Congolese provinces created since 1962 claim authority to levy import-export duties as the mood strikes them. Also, tribal tensions necessitate frequent changes of engineers as trains pass from one region to the next. If the local folk spot an enemy at the controls, they might swarm aboard and kill him on the spot.

FRANCE

A Man of Europe

Flags flew at half-mast in Brussels over the headquarters of the Common Market. The tribute was in homage to that grand old Eurocrat, Robert Schuman. His death last week at 77 reminded the world that the new Europe which Charles de Gaulle so grandly purports to head owes much of its impetus to other Frenchmen with broader horizons.

Reared in Lorraine while it was under the Kaiser's rule, Schuman was a German for the first 33 years of his life. When the Treaty of Versailles returned Lorraine to France after World War I, he became French (although he never lost his German accent) and was elected a Deputy. Educated in the law, lean and tall with a toothbrush mustache, the ascetic Schuman was a natural for the finance commission, where he served for 17 years. He ate cheap meals, prowled his offices snapping off lights. A lifelong bachelor, Schuman once answered the door of his Paris apartment wearing a maid's apron; he had been doing his own dusting.

Long Loss. But when it came to his dream of the future Europe, Schuman was a leader among Europe's postwar generation of Christian Democratic radical integrationists. After helping found

the Catholic M.R.P. and twice serving as postwar Premier of France (from November 1947 to July 1948, and for another brief period later in 1948), Schuman took over the Foreign Minister's post. In 1949, after helping draw up the North Atlantic Treaty blueprint, he signed the historic NATO pact on France's behalf. In 1950, in league with another French Eurocrat, Jean Monnet, he proposed the "Schuman Plan" for the European Coal and Steel Community, which proved to be the forerunner of the six-nation Common Market, and of the Euratom pool for peaceful nuclear resources. In 1954 Schuman lost his only major battle—a drive for an all-European army (EDC).

No Orations. In recent years Schuman lived in semiretirement at his family estate, poring over his rare books (among them the handwritten school manuscripts of Louis XIV) and penning his memoirs. Intimates say he was "very upset" by De Gaulle's opposition to Britain's entry into the Common Market; but he kept his silence.

Last month, felled by a cerebral thrombosis, Schuman rallied weakly, but remained bedridden. When news of his death was announced, messages of eulogy poured in—from Pope Paul, President Kennedy (the "combined vision with realism"), and from De Gaulle, who acknowledged "the high conscience with which he served." At week's end, with no orations (at his request), Robert Schuman's funeral service in the Metz Cathedral was attended by five former French Premiers. Eventually his body is to lie in a special mausoleum—to be built facing eastward across the Rhine.

Afterward the five Antoine Pinay, Guy Mollet, Pierre Pflimlin, René Pleven and René Mayer—were invited to luncheon at the Metz prefecture by De Gaulle's representative, Minister of State Louis Joxe. But the ex-Premiers declined the invitation when they learned that Schuman's old friend Jean Monnet, who was also present, had been left out of the party.



ROBERT SCHUMAN
Honors for a sometime German.



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THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

Pre-Election Vaudeictory

Any resemblance between the Mexico of today and Mexico in its volatile, revolutionary infancy is largely sentimental. Just as old hat is thinking of Mexico as a peon in a huge sombrero, dozing against an adobe wall. Mexico's progress is uneven, and its political system is still a tightly held, one-party regime; but Mexicans keep industrializing, and a stable middle class is more and more influential. Each year, as the economic milestones flick by, the country takes a festive day off to hear the President report on just how far it has come; last week President Adolfo López Mateos rode through crowd-jammed streets to the Chamber of Deputies to deliver his fifth annual state of the union message. Since he is constitutionally barred from succeeding himself, it was also his last before the presidential elections next July, and the nationally televised speech turned out to be a long (4 hr. 25 min.) summing up.

Mexico's economy, López Mateos reported, is fully recovered from the mild recession of 1961-62 and seems as solid as the Sierra Madre. The peso is firm, gold and dollar reserves stand at a historic high of \$510 million, wages climbed 17% last year, while the cost of living was held to an increase of only 1.8%. The country's population rose 3.1%, to 38 million in 1962, but the gross national product rose even faster—4.8%. The boom, said López Mateos, was reaching the people in a multitude of forms:

- **EDUCATION.** In the "gigantic task" of reducing illiteracy and building schools fast enough to keep pace with population growth, the government is spending \$246 million this year, the biggest single item in the budget, and well over the \$205 million of 1962 and \$169 million of 1961. In the past 2 years, 82 million free textbooks were distributed; another 30 million will be published next year. New classrooms are being built at a rate of 4,390 a year—twelve a day.

- **SOCIAL BENEFITS.** The program of medical care, old age pensions and other benefits now covers 5,260,000 people, an increase of some 500,000 in a single year. In the past five years, intensive public health campaigns throughout the country have slashed the polio and TB rates and almost entirely eradicated malaria.

- **AGRARIAN REFORM.** Since his last report a year ago, López Mateos has distributed some 5,000,000 acres of land to peasants—more than many Mexican Presidents parceled out in their entire terms. Agriculture and livestock output, still the heart of the economy, showed a 5.3% gain in 1962, though many peasants, still impoverished, remain "by

far the country's most fundamental problem."

- **ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.** Since 1958, when López Mateos came into office, the government's spending for such works as roads, irrigation and hydro-electric plants has increased an average of 15% annually, will run upwards of \$1 billion this year.

The state was not the only force for progress, López Mateos conceded—and quite a concession for a man who calls himself "left, within the constitution."



PRESIDENT LÓPEZ MATEOS
The old sombrero no longer fits.

but who has enjoyed the benefits of a rising economy. "The government," he declared, "gives the greatest importance to the participation of private capital in the development of the country. If private enterprise does all that is necessary, the state, far from interfering, will stimulate it. This, as everyone knows, is what is happening now."

CUBA

Better Targets, Better Weapons

Something new has been added to the exile raids on Fidel Castro's Cuba—efficiency and equipment. Early one morning last week, the Cuban government reported, two unidentified twin-engine bombers appeared in the dark skies over the provincial city of Santa Clara, 186 miles east of Havana. Anti-aircraft batteries filled the air with flak, but the planes managed to scatter their load of bombs before flying away.

It was the fourth raid on Cuba in less than a month. In the first, a plane strafed and bombed a sugarmill in Camaguey province. Three nights later,

the Castro government complained, a lone bomber, lights out and engines feathered, coasted over the southern coastal town of Casilda. Parachuting a yellow flare to light up the target, it launched three rockets at the town's oil storage tanks, setting fire to a railroad tank car. In another night attack, two landing craft slipped up the Santa Lucía estuary to the heavily guarded Patricio Lumumba metal-processing plant. A raiding party scrambled ashore, took careful aim, and laid down a barrage of bazooka shells. When militiamen returned fire, the raiders made an orderly retreat, covered by machine guns. But they left their mark: gaping holes in the plant's sulphuric-acid and petroleum tanks.

The attacks were a considerable improvement over the usual rag-tag raids staged since the Bay of Pigs. The professional touch has Castro worried. The "pirate" attacks, charges Radio Havana, prove that a "plan of aggression" has been initiated by the U.S., "with the approved participation of some puppet governments of Central America."

PERU

APRA's Show of Weakness

Beaten in general elections last June, Peru's worker-peasant APRA Party last week fell back on a familiar maneuver: a 24-hour general strike. The occasion proclaimed by leaders of APRA's 500,000-member Confederation of Labor was "indignation" over the dismissal of 300 workers at a Lima ceramics factory and police killings of two Indian peasant squatters in the backlands. Neither seemed quite enough to justify a nationwide strike, and few Peruvians were taken in. The strike was obviously intended to show President Fernando Belaúnde Terry that APRA, though outvoted, was still too powerful a political force to trifle with.

Belaúnde quickly proved that he too could be adept at maneuver. The night before the strike, his government made a fast deal with an influential, Communist-dominated division of APRA's own union, extracting a no-strike pledge in return for settlement of the ceramics factory dispute. The rest of the union, loudly deploring Belaúnde's alliance with Communists, went ahead with the general strike. But the government counter-maneuver left the union off balance. In Lima, where the strike would count most, business went on almost as usual—the union was able to pull out only about 20% of the factory workers. Laborers in the southern highlands mostly ignored the strike call. And only in APRA's northern provincial strongholds was the shutdown effective. APRA's intended mass demonstration of strength turned into a show of weakness.



PONTIUS PILATE & ESCORT



TORCH CARRIERS FORMING CROSS

"Attention Brazil. Attention World. Cristo Total is on the air!"

BRAZIL

Reaching Souls in a Stadium

The vast stadium is plunged into darkness. Suddenly its four corners ignite in a frenzy of fireworks, then rockets burst overhead as an announcer shouts: "Attention, Belo Horizonte. Attention, Brazil. Attention, World. *Cristo Total* is on the Air!" What follows is a shocker of a religious pageant, sponsored by the Roman Catholic Church. Its recent performances in Belo Horizonte sold out the 16,000-seat America Soccer Club Stadium. Pontius Pilate wheels into field center in a white convertible sports car with motorcycle escort. God is played by 42 girls robed in white. Throughout the spectacle, dancers writhe to twists, tangos, rock 'n' roll and American movie music.

The moving spirit behind this worldly-wise enterprise is Sister Benedita Idefelt, 43, a Catholic nun from Finland, who now teaches school in the Brazilian town of Juiz de Fora. In *Cristo Total*, Sister Benedita has retold the Catholic devotion of the Stations of the Cross, taking bold liberties with the story.

"I wanted to show that Christ didn't die and that was the end of him, back in the year 33," says Sister Benedita. "That's why Christ doesn't appear. He is represented by all humanity."

Against Divorce? In Christ's absence, the audience itself stands trial. At the first Station, a radio reporter assisting Pilate asks prominent citizens whether the accused (Christ-humankind) is guilty. "Too bad he is so *démodé*," testifies a society lady. "He's against divorce. Imagine! Against divorce, when nobody belongs to nobody." An industrialist insists that Christ should be condemned because he advocates profit-sharing and a shorter work week.

At the sixth Station, the voice of Veronica offers "to wipe the sweat of those who carry the Cross." The band plays *I Believe* as a whole gallery of

unfortunates rushes forth to beg compassion, among them a convict, an unwed mother ("Wipe my face, me who carries in my belly a son who has no father"), an unemployed worker and a prostitute ("Why won't humanity let me up out of the mud?").

At the tenth Station, paralleling the moment when Christ is stripped of his clothes, a band of ragged Brazilian peasants straggles onto one end of the field. They watch in silence while dozens of flamboyantly dressed carnival dancers do the samba and throw paper streamers. Asked how much he paid for his costume, one dancer replies: "Ten million cruzeiros." The samba suddenly breaks into a tortured twist. Finally, of course, humanity is crucified—all 720 players form a giant Cross and carry their torches into the night to the tune of the *Colonel Bogey March*.

Stronger Stuff. Sister Benedita agrees that her pageant "isn't really religious at all—it's more of a social attack against injustices." She believes she learned about cruelty at the end of the war in Germany. "German and Russian soldiers battled under our noses. When it was all over, I had to identify the dead. There were mounds of corpses, some without heads, and I went through their pockets looking for some information about them. I saw that both sides had families. Both carried religious medals, and both were human."

When she first got the "divine inspiration" for *Cristo Total*, Sister Benedita recruited two businessmen in Juiz de Fora to collaborate with her. The final script was shown to a local bishop, Dom Geraldo Penido. "I watched him read it, and he kept glancing up at me from behind his thick glasses. I thought, 'Oh, brother, I've had it.'"
Dom Geraldo liked it, but thought it could be stronger. "It was then," says Sister, "that I added the prostitute and the unwed mother."

Her road show, with a cast of unpaid

volunteers (nurses, farmers, seminary students, and the Juiz de Fora Police Band), has now weathered two repeat performances. Argentina and Chile would like to see it, and a copy of the script has been requested by the Vatican. Despite some criticism that the cha cha cha is not churchy enough, she remains convinced that you "can't reach modern souls with music out of camel caravans."

CANADA

French Leave

Canadians were disturbed enough when their traditional two parties fractured into four in 1962's general elections, and the two splinter parties gained enough strength to inaugurate a siege of minority government. Last week Ottawa got a fifth political party when one of the splinters splintered. *Le Ralliement des Crédiitistes* the new party was christened, and its founding father was Réal Caouette, the firebrand Quebec Chrysler dealer who has been the leader of the French-Canadian branch of the prairie-based, funny-money Social Credit Party. In last April's national elections, Caouette and his fellow French-Canadians in Quebec won 20 of Social Credit's 24 seats.

With so much party strength in Quebec, Caouette never could reconcile himself to the fact that the nominal leader of the party remained English-speaking Robert Thompson from English-speaking Alberta. Caouette broke from Thompson, set up his own "national party to protect French-Canadians in every province." But though the 5.5 million French-Canadians are increasingly militant in their demands for more attention, not too many are apt to follow the demagogic Caouette. In fact, Caouette failed to convince even his own Quebec M.P.s: nearly half of them announced they were sticking with Thompson.



RADAR MAN!

TO THE ordinary eye, it's just a streak of white. But seen through the experienced eyes of paper machine tender Art Waldherr, it's radar.

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PEOPLE

When a scruffy, red-haired kid of 15 left town 35 years ago, no one took much note, but last week 35,000 lined the streets of Vincennes, Ind. (pop. 18,000), to honor the return of "Comedian, Philanthropist, Hoosier" **Red Skelton**, 50. There was an honorary degree from Vincennes University, a distinguished citizenship award and, best of all, a \$1,800,000 bridge over the Wabash named for him. "All right, everybody off my bridge," cried a delighted Red at the dedication. He had learned to swim in the Wabash, he said, "and boy, it was stuffy in that bag with them kittens."

When he was released from a Washington mental institution in 1958, **Erro Pound**, 77, hightailed it to Italy, muttering that he "didn't know how it would be possible to live in America outside a madhouse." But last week, after he was named this year's winner of the prestigious Academy of American Poets Award for "distinguished poetic achievement," the Faustian-bearded poet had mellowed somewhat on his stand: "I was and still am very surprised and moved. This changes a lot of things. If I feel well, if the weather is good and the circumstances are favorable, I think I will make a trip to the U.S. some time after October."

Kinship was the theme. "Since I belong to a large, close family myself, I can see how horrible it must be for the many Berliners separated from their relatives behind the Wall," said



ROSE
Hi, Berlin.

Mrs. **Rose Kennedy**. The trip to West Berlin held a bit of nostalgia, for as a schoolgirl she had visited the city. Besides, she said, she wanted to see again the city that had given her son such a tumultuous welcome. But the visit was short. By week's end she was back in Hyannis Port to join her three sons for the quiet family celebration of Joseph Kennedy's 75th birthday (see THE NATION).

At least she had something on. Granted, it was not much: a bit of fluff here and there. But compared to the buff that **Carroll Baker**, 32, wore for the first days of screening *The Carpetbaggers*, her two-piece boa was a positive shroud. By the script, Carroll—as Screen Queen Rita Marlowe—was sup-



CARROLL
High fluff.

posed to cavort on the chandelier until it collapsed from extra weight. All those feathers, no doubt.

"I can arrange for its proper preservation better now than after I'm gone." So saying, Philanthropist **Edgar Kaufmann Jr.**, 53, deeded Frank Lloyd Wright's incomparable "Falling-water," the famous tiered and cantilevered "house over the waterfall" in Bear Run, Pa., to a Pennsylvania conservation agency, along with 500 surrounding acres and a \$500,000 endowment fund.

Through it all, the gals decided that the Miss America contestant who was nicest was **Jeanne Flinn Swanner**, 19, Miss North Carolina. So they elected her Miss Congeniality. She was also the tallest (6 ft. 2 in.); the contest's shortest contestants, **Melissa Stafford Hetzel**, 21, Miss Vermont, and **Flora Jo Chandonnet**, 20, Miss Florida (both 5 ft. 3 in.) came barely to her shoulder. But friend-



MELISSA, JEANNE & FLORA
High congeniality.

liness and size don't win contests. So when the judges brought in their verdict, medium-sized (5 ft. 6 in.), well-deployed (35-23-35), not-quite-so-congenial **Donna Axum**, 21, of Arkansas, became Miss America 1964.

Relax all over, put on a deadpan face, then you swing your hips and start twitching. Sounds like the twist? Wrong, man. That's the blues, a new British dance craze that comes complete with an added fillip. In one step, hands are clasped behind the back, and the dancer bends slightly forward. The brief lean is called the Philip, since it springs from the Duke of Edinburgh's inevitable hands-clasped-to-the-rear, trunk-inclined stance two steps behind the Queen. Says one London blues-Philip adept: "You just stand there and act as if you are slightly sick."

Ill lay: **Selman Waksman**, 75, Nobel-prizewinning antibiotics pioneer, in Montevideo's American Hospital after removal of a perforated appendix (despite fears of allergy caused by prolonged contact, doctors successfully used streptomycin, which he helped discover); General **Lemuel Shepherd**, 67, retired U.S. Marine Corps commandant, in Bethesda Naval Hospital, Md., with a broken arm and possible concussion after being thrown by his horse; Presidential Scientific Adviser **Jerome Wiesner**, 48, in Otis Air Force Base Hospital with pneumonia after his 10-ft. sailboat capsized off Martha's Vineyard. A poor swimmer, Wiesner clung to the boat while his son Joshua, 10, swam for help, worried frantically after 45 minutes that the boy had drowned. Rescued by a passing boat, Wiesner had the Coast Guard dredging the bay when word came that Joshua too had been picked up, was safe at home.



Lima's Quinta de Pisco, now a museum, has relics from an age of splendor

This Peruvian palace lies across a bridge built with 100,000 eggs



Palace guard

When you walk from the new section of Lima, Peru, to the old, you cross a stone bridge. It was built by the Spanish in 1610, and they mixed a hundred thousand egg whites with the mortar to make a better binding.

They built well. The past has a way of lingering on in Lima.

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To Lima came the New World's first

university, theatre, printing press, saint. Lima named the lima bean, and gave Ireland its first potato.

Here in a rambling pink palace smouldered a scandalous love affair between a viceroys and a beautiful, witty young actress. She became so influential they called her the "uncrowned queen of Peru." Her clothes, bed, carriage are displayed in lavish gilded rooms. Her marble bathtub sits on a balcony overlooking the gardens.

There's Old World charm in Lima's customs, too. Take shopping. In all but the few largest stores you never pay the first price asked. You bargain. This ancient sport is half the fun of buying silver, pottery, ponchos, paintings. The other half is the wistful covey of friends who stayed home.



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CHEMICALS FIBERS PLASTICS POLYMERS

SPORT

HUNTING

Dove Days

It was as though all the dust devils that ever ghosted across the desert before the days of irrigation had returned to haunt California's Imperial Valley. Over fields of flax reddened by a dawning sun, thousands upon thousands of mourning doves wheeled and circled, their whistling wings deepening the sense of speed. Below, Cattleman Virgil Torrance tightened his grip on a 12-gauge single-barreled shotgun. The doves' cries were tender and doleful: "Whee-eet, whee-eet, whee-eet." Torrance smiled: "When I hear that, it's all

ing for a stray hit. Whole boxes of shells can be fired without ruffling a feather.

Friendly Farmers. Mutually frustrated in the face of such plenty, dove hunters display unusual sympathy for one another. Unlike surly, secretive deer hunters, who are all too prone to argue over whose shot felled which animal first, dovesmen retrieve one another's downed birds, happily transmit information about good hunting grounds, and try not to sprinkle the neighboring encampment with No. 6 bird shot. They get on famously with farmers in the richly irrigated valley, who find the grain-eating doves a nuisance (the dove population consumes 300 tons of seed a



HUNTERS IN CALIFORNIA'S IMPERIAL VALLEY
Forget the "whee-eet"; pull the trigger.

I can do to pull the trigger." And he proceeded to blaze away.

Jet-Assisted Robin. So did some 25,000 other happy hunters fanned out across the 900-sq.-mi. valley last week for the opening of the month-long dove season, an annual bar-and-feathering ritual that features frolics on both sides of the Mexican border as well as bagfuls of succulent, bite-sized *Zenaidura macroura carolinensis* (legal limit: ten *Zenaiduras* per day per hunter). Before the four dove-taking weeks are up, some hundred thousand hunters will have bagged 4,000,000 birds. But it won't be easy.

No sitting duck, the mourning dove is more like a kind of jet-assisted robin. When it takes off from a grainfield, its favorite lunching pad, the wily bird careers like a missile with a faulty guidance system. Like a climbing pheasant or a gliding goose, a dove is best downed by leading it, then firing at the spot where bird and shot should collide. But the dove is an artful dodger, apt to tumble or leap in the air just as the gun is fired. After many a fruitless hour, some hunters begin firing vaguely in the neighborhood of the doves, hop-

ing for a stray hit. Whole boxes of shells can be fired without ruffling a feather. **Friendly Farmers.** Mutually frustrated in the face of such plenty, dove hunters display unusual sympathy for one another. Unlike surly, secretive deer hunters, who are all too prone to argue over whose shot felled which animal first, dovesmen retrieve one another's downed birds, happily transmit information about good hunting grounds, and try not to sprinkle the neighboring encampment with No. 6 bird shot. They get on famously with farmers in the richly irrigated valley, who find the grain-eating doves a nuisance (the dove population consumes 300 tons of seed a

day). What's more, each hunter spends \$30 a day, and to egg him on, the local innkeepers and Chambers of Commerce provide "dove festivals" in every little town. There are entertainments, free dances, trapshooting contests, and the various across-the-border delights of Mexicali, including a "Valencia" pigeon shoot, in which a thrower hurls a live bird into the air while the hunter, as though skeet-shooting, draws a quick head and fires; the bird wins if it can make it out of a marked circle.

Even the police are helpful: The sheriff will often send a deputy to wake a hunter at 4 a.m. if he forgets his alarm clock. The only sour face belongs to the game warden and to the occasional cattleman whose cow comes down with colic from eating shell casings. Bird fanciers, who in some states have gotten doves classified as "songbirds" and made them illegal to hunt, fail to darken the Imperial Valley dawn. Game managers have proved that the birds' talent

During one dove-season exhibition of trick shooting last week, Pistol Marksman Milo Ploof tragically missed two balloons tied to his daughter's head and killed her.

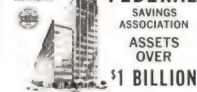


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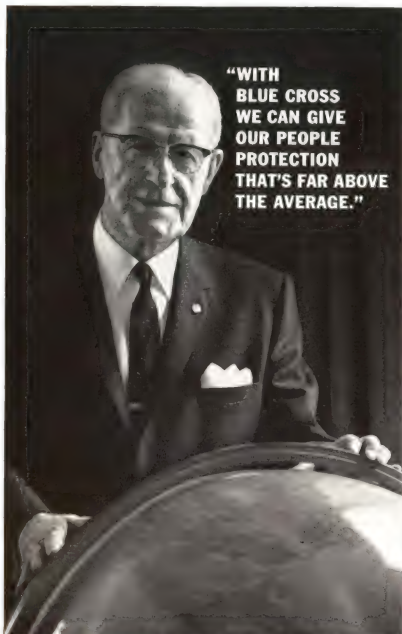
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for dodging, plus enthusiastic mating habits, keep the dove population constant, and there is no reason to deprive 100,000 hungry hunters of their delicate game. Said one last week: "I don't care if they sing like Caruso. The main thing is that they taste damn good."

BASEBALL

The Year of the Pitcher

Dead ball? Atomic testing? Some subtle, seven-year cycle? Explanations whiz in like so many screwballs, but the fact remains: it's a pitcher's year. Latter-day Fellers are joining the 20-game Winners Club as if it were the Kiwanis, and what used to be a charmed circle is turning into a vast roundup. Last week four more pitchers followed the Los Angeles Dodgers' Sandy Koufax, this year's charter member, into the club,* and at least eight others are about to ask for membership cards.

With three weeks of the regular season still to go, the year of the pitcher is already so well established that most fans follow the gloomy batting averages and the paltry home-run statistics with little more than morbid fascination. Only four batters in the American League are hitting over .300, not a single Yankee is among the top ten, and guess who's leading the Yankee-eclipsed league in home runs? Somebody named Dick Stuart of the Boston Red Sox, with 36. The team batting average of the National League-leading Dodgers this year is .251; last year at this time it was 21 points higher.

Even serious baseball men have taken to blaming it all on the weather. "The flags have been blowing inwards here at Cleveland Stadium," moans the Indians' President Gabe Paul. "And it's the same in other ball parks. When the pitcher has the breeze at his back, he figures he doesn't have to hold back, and he doesn't walk so many men." There are the old arguments about light and dark ("too many night games"; "too many day games") that seem to cancel each other out, and the usual depreciation of younger-generation hitters, which loses force when recent home-run binges are recalled.

Most to the point is the simple fact that the strike zone this year is bigger than last. Pitchers trained to hit the bull's-eye can now hit the first ring and still have it count; umpires have had to liberalize their standards for called strikes. "The batter," says Cincinnati Pitcher Jim O'Toole, "doesn't take as many pitches, and he's swinging at more bad ones, so there are fewer walks."

Chances are the pitchers will not have it all their own way for long. After this season of adjustment, batters should adapt to the new strike zone; and when its novelty wears off, pitchers will prob-

* Chicago Cubs' Dick Ellsworth, New York Yankees' Whitey Ford, Cincinnati Reds' Jim Maloney and San Francisco Giants' Juan Marchal.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

The Road Back

It is a journalistic axiom that newspapers never fully recover from the effects of a prolonged strike. Their readers give increasing attention to magazines, radio and TV—and begin looking at papers still publishing along the perimeter of the strike zone. Some customers lose the newspaper-reading habit for good. Thus it was no surprise when New York's 114-day newspaper strike finally ended last spring, that its effects began to be felt almost at once.

Because of their sheer number, Manhattan's seven dailies are particularly vulnerable to strike damage. There are simply not enough readers to support them all; only two of the seven, the Times and the Daily News, consistently make money. And by publishers' standards, the timing of New York's strike could not have been worse. Only a few months after the papers got back into print, they faced the summer doldrums, that slack vacation period when both circulation and advertising fall as shops close, Broadway burns dimly, and cliff dwellers by the thousands quit the town.

More Ways than One. By now, New York's newspaper publishers are understandably laconic; they would rather not give out circulation and ad revenue figures. But available evidence suggests that, nearly six months after the strike's end, Manhattan's dailies are still paying for it in more ways than one.

Overall daily circulation dipped 10% to 5,000,000 just after the strike ended, and there it has stayed. Sunday circulation, from a prestrike 6,700,000, has fallen 500,000 to 6,200,000. The Times, which together with the Herald Tribune, raised its copy price to a dime, has dropped 70,000 daily circulation, to 636,000. But the News, which stayed at a nickel, has lost 100,000 daily and nearly 200,000 Sunday. All three afternoon papers, which were already selling for a dime, suffered circulation losses—from the Post's 4% to the World-Telegram's 11%. And although total advertising linage is slowly climbing back to the prestrike level, only two of the seven papers—the Times and the Herald Tribune—are reaping the rewards; the other five have lost ground.

Neither Easy nor Short. As they wonder where the readers went, most observers conjure up the figure of the commuter, Ivan Veit, business manager of the Times, subscribes to the widely shared view that what the papers lost was "multiple readers"—people who bought two or more papers daily, one for the ride to work and another for the trip home. Newsstand sales, off some 10%, suggest that Veit may be right. Francis M. Flynn, president and publisher of the Daily News, thinks that commuters have rediscovered home-grown substitutes: "I hear that people

are reading suburban papers more and liking them better."

To gather the departed readers back into the fold, New York's dailies are trying everything. Hearst's evening Journal-American has announced a \$2,000,000 expansion program—most of which, according to the paper's commuter train ads, will go into a new Sunday magazine and a TV program guide. The Daily News is bidding for new readers, presumably bilingual, over the city's Spanish-language radio stations. The New York Herald Tribune is busy preparing new supplements for its Sunday edition. But no one expects the road back to be short or easy. Says Tribune President Walter Thayer: "It wouldn't surprise me if it took about a year for the circulation of all seven papers to return to the prestrike level."



COUNTRESS DÖNHÖFF

On horseback into *Kompromisslosigkeit*.

EDITORS

The Outspoken Gräfin

The countess is 53 and unmarried. She has eyes of piercing blue, a disconcertingly level gaze, and a low metallic voice that is mistress of three tongues. She shakes hands firmly, rather like a man, and is thrifty with her smiles. She is a connoisseur of fine wines and an excellent horsewoman. She has also been compared, with complimentary intent, to Walter Lippmann; and the comparison is at least vocationally just. For Dr. Marion Gräfin Dönhoff has one of West Germany's most respected bylines.

No Ease. West Germans from Chancellor Adenauer on down have been listening attentively if warily to Gräfin Dönhoff for 17 years. They know by now that as foreign editor of *Die Zeit*, a small, opinionated weekly published in Hamburg, she will seldom say anything to give them ease. After the war ended, for example, most Germans felt

that the less said about their Nazi past the better. But *Die Zeit* and the Gräfin boldly demanded that all German war criminals be punished for their crimes. After the Chancellor appointed one Theodor Oberländer to his Cabinet, *Die Zeit* raised the issue of Oberländer's wartime involvement with the persecution of South Poland's Jews. Although Oberländer denied it, the paper kept up the attack with such relentlessness that the Chancellor ultimately let his minister go.

The years since then have not diminished the spirit of *Kompromisslosigkeit*—no compromise—that guides both *Die Zeit* and its foreign editor. To Bonn and most West Germans, East Germany is anathema. But the Gräfin has persistently advocated closer contacts with the other side of the Wall. "The Iron Curtain does not protect us from Eastern infiltration," read a recent editorial, "but cuts the Eastern countries off from the infiltration of freedom." The Gräfin has visited East Germany twice; once, when a group of East German writers were refused permission by West German police to pay a return visit to Hamburg. *Die Zeit* stubbornly brought the delegation over anyway.

Kindred Spirit. There has never been any compromise in Gräfin Dönhoff's life. When World War II engulfed the family castle, Friedrichstein, in East Prussia, its chateau joined the German underground, made regular weekly clandestine trips to Berlin, and played a role in many an assassination plot against Hitler. At war's end, after the partition of Germany, the Gräfin traveled to Hamburg on horseback, a 500-mile journey that took her two months.

On arrival, she picked an immediate quarrel with the British occupation officials, firing off a strong protest against the suspicion with which they viewed all Germans. Her letter came to the attention of a lawyer named Gerd Bucerius—himself a mettlesome man, who had spent most of the war years in Nazi Germany at the unpopular task of defending Jews in court. Bucerius, who was then getting ready to launch *Die Zeit*, recognized a kindred spirit and hired the Gräfin at once.

The alliance has been good for both—and for West Germany. Thanks in large part to its strong-willed Gräfin, *Die Zeit* wields an influence out of all proportion to its size—a bare 200,000 subscribers—and in more than one sphere. The paper was one of the first to recognize postwar Germany's literary resurgence, among the first to encourage such gifted young novelists as Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll.

Its political influence is a direct measure of the Gräfin's influence—and that seems to grow steadily. To Marion Dönhoff, the two cardinal sins of life, either in individuals or in governments, are disengagement and immobility. As long as she is around, West Germans cannot expect to commit either of those sins unchastised.

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The god-like Daniel, they called him. He was a lawyer with the soul of a poet. He was a Senator who could have been an actor. And he was a farmer with a passion for the ideas of freedom under law. He'd put them into words while he was whipping a trout stream, or holding the plow handles behind a six-ox hitch.

For most of all, Daniel Webster loved America. Again and again Webster spoke up for a Union that would endure through any differences. Out in Illinois, a young man named Abe

Lincoln read and pondered, then adopted that view as his own.

Daniel Webster showed Americans that brilliant logic is at its best when it appeals to men's hearts as well as their heads—when facts are touched with compassion and reason with human understanding.

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SCIENCE

ELECTRONICS

Practical Laser

The remarkable potential of lasers (Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation) nurtures many a heady scientific dream. Pure, one-color laser light can be focused down to a microscopic point, hot enough to burn through any material. It can make superaccurate measurements, and properly modulated, it can carry vast amounts of information. It may some day take the place of wires in the innards of computers. But all these promising applications are blocked at present by the built-in problems of existing lasers. Some of them demand costly and cumbersome power supplies; some give light of the wrong wave lengths; others can only operate at the inconvenient temperature of liquid helium. None are simple enough for handy practical use.

Now Tyco Laboratories, Inc., of Waltham, Mass., has developed a laser that seems to have the necessary simplicity. Invented by Drs. A. I. Mlavsky and L. B. Griffiths, it is a .02-in. cube of silicon carbide (carborundum). Two opposite sides are carefully polished, and electrodes are attached to another two. When a weak direct current of electricity is passed through the cube, a thin line in its center glows with green-blue light. But this is not pure laser light. It is merely ordinary mixed-up light of varying frequencies. When the current passes a critical strength (120 amp. per sq. cm.), though, the light brightens enormously, turns intense blue, and forms an undiverging beam like a tight-stretched thread.

This is genuine laser light. And it comes from a simple rugged device that works at room temperature (no liquid helium to worry about) with no need for an expensive power source. The current demand could be supplied by flashlight batteries. Says Arthur J. Rosenberg, president of Tyco: "We could put it in a box the size of a pack of cards, battery and all, and signal with it. It's as simple as that."

ATOMICS

Fallout in the Food Chain

The Eskimo village of Anaktuvuk Pass in Alaska's desolate Brooks Range north of the Arctic Circle has a post office, a school and an airplane landing strip. But for all its modern trimmings, Anaktuvuk is barely out of the Stone Age. Its 15 families (averaging five children and 12 dogs each) are remnants of the nomadic Nunamiut. Their lives are devoted to hunting the Arctic caribou, which supplies 90% of their food as well as most of their clothing. Merely to stay alive, one Nunamiut family must kill 90 caribou a year.

Fortunately, caribou are still plentiful near Anaktuvuk Pass, and no one

is going hungry. But contemporary civilization is closing in with deadly effect. Radioactive fallout from Russian and U.S. nuclear tests has dangerously poisoned the Nunamiut's barren homeland. Fallout there has been no thicker than in many other parts of the world, but it has concentrated ominously in the bodies of the Eskimos. A report made for the Atomic Energy Commission by General Electric scientists showed that in the summer of 1962, the inhabitants of Anaktuvuk Pass had an average "whole body burden" of 421 nanocuries* of caesium 137, one of the most harmful constituents of fallout. This is nearly 100 times the burden of fallout picked up by people in what Alaskans call "the lower states."

In July, AEC Official H. M. Parker reported an average body-burden increase of 50% in a year. One Eskimo's



CARIBOU EATING LICHEN

Deadly logic for Stone Age man.

count increased by 112%; the highest burden measured was 1230 nanocuries. This is more than one-third of the maximum permissible amount (3,000 nanocuries) established by the International Committee on Radiation Protection.

Radioactive Skimmings. University of Alaska Zoologist William O. Pruitt, an authority on caribou, gave the beasts a thorough going over and found that their flesh contained an unusual amount of caesium 137. After that, the story unfolded with dangerous logic. The caribou's winter food is largely lichens, a primitive plant that has no roots but gets its moisture and nutrients entirely from the air. Its spongy tissues soak up the scant Arctic rain like blotting paper and retain a large part of it. The fallout that is carried down by the rain is retained too. Instead of mixing harmlessly with the soil, it goes into the stomachs of caribou and becomes part of their bones and flesh. When Eskimos eat the caribou, they get the radio-

*Thirty-seven atomic disintegrations per second, or one-billionth of a curie.

active skimmings of many acres of lichen-covered ground.

Once he made his discovery, Dr. Pruitt began a loud vocal opposition to the AEC's Project Chariot, which was a plan to use nuclear explosives to blast a spacious harbor in the Alaskan coast. The side effects, he said, would harm the Eskimos even more. Although he was fired from the university, he continued to make all the noise he could about the danger of feeding more fallout into the Eskimo food chain. The AEC's present management now watches the Eskimos carefully and measures their body burden as it creeps ever higher.

Higher & Higher. It would be helpful, indeed, if the Nunamiut could change their diet, but in the bleak Brooks Range there is almost nothing but caribou to eat, and any kind of



NUNAMIUT EATING CARIBOU

agriculture is impossible. The Eskimos could be fed on handouts of white men's food, which would destroy their self-sufficiency and probably their health, or they could be moved elsewhere. They do not relish either prospect. Says Simon Paneak, head of the village council: "We only know how to live here." Though he remains close kin to Stone Age man, he understands the problems of radiation only too well. "It keeps getting higher and higher, and we just don't know what to do."

So far, the Nunamiut Eskimos have shown no symptoms of the serious illnesses that can come from too much radiation, but no scientist can be confident that such symptoms will not appear. In the future, though, if the U.S. and Russia stick to their recently signed agreement to stop nuclear testing in the atmosphere, the contaminated lichens of northern Alaska will gradually lose their dangerous radioactivity. The body burdens of the caribou will fall little by little. Eventually the people of Anaktuvuk Pass will be no more radioactive than any other Americans.



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

At the Cubist Root

The most illuminating discovery of the Renaissance painters was perspective and how to use it. Georges Braque did away with all that. "Perspective forces objects to disappear away from the beholder instead of bringing them within reach," he protested. So he brought objects up to the picture plane, as if squashed on a window. His cubism gave man a new perspective that indifferently abandoned the third dimension and then thoughtfully added the

if he went to heaven, he will probably change its perspective too.

Wild Beasts. Braque always remembered watching, when he was a youth, as a poster of Toulouse-Lautrec's Jane Avril was slapped on a nearby wall. Before the paste could dry, Braque peeled off the poster and tacked it up in his bedroom. At the age of 18, he was apprenticed to a decorator in Paris, feasted on the impressionists then in vogue, and began painting in the style of the coloristic Fauves, the "wild beasts."

In later years, his youthful infatuation with the flamboyant Fauves embarrassed him as a childish excess. In 1908 Braque was drawn to fragment his vision in the manner that became known as Cubism, after seeing Picasso's panorama of naked prostitutes, *Les Femmes d'Alger*. Their fractured postures impelled Braque to a further dissection of nature. He and Picasso, working together, began turning out canvases so similar that in later years they could not recall which of them had painted what. In 1912 Braque invented the paper collage, in which scraps of newsprint and ticket stubs were glued onto the canvas. When people laughed at him, he said that he was bringing art even closer to reality.

Gentle Birds. Braque's real master was Cézanne. And he followed his master's voice: "Treat nature in terms of the cylinder, the sphere and the cone." Braque found his cylinders, spheres and cones in still life—guitars, jugs, cigarette packages, knives and newspapers—and he projected his internal emotions into this world of objects. He painted few human figures, confessed that he found the human form ugly. While his comrade in Cubism, Picasso, was sensual, Spanish, and an endless innovator, Braque was rational, French, and restrained. As Braque explained in 1917: "The senses deform, the mind forms. Reality grows out of contained emotion. I like the rule that corrects the emotion." But from his penchant for paradox, he added, "I love the emotion that corrects the rule."

Braque violated many rules and traditions of both art and artists. He sold well almost from the start, and never lived like a bohemian. He preferred to paint by southern rather than northern light because it seemed less harsh. He was even happily married.

In his latest works, Braque painted mostly birds, perhaps a myopia of age but also a further probing of nature by studying a single subject. He depicted the heron, ibis and flamingo that frequent the Camargue in southern France, and the humble crow of the Norman fields near his summer home at Varengeville. His birds soar mysteriously far above feathers and fuss. "In art," said Braque, "One must respect the mystery. When one thinks he has plumbed it, he has only deepened it."

The New-Found Island

The violent throes of political unification came late to Italy: only a century ago, musketry crackled across the gentle countryside depicted in Renaissance landscapes, and pictures of red-shirted *Risorgimento* leader Garibaldi hung beside Crucifixion scenes on many an Italian's wall. During this era of torment, a group of Tuscan artists banded together at the Café Michelangelo in Florence to protest the Florentine Academy's insistence upon slick studio painting that absented itself from what was going on. These artists became known as the *macchiaioli*, who painted with splashes, *macchie*, of color.

Fra Angelico's Bequest. Half of the original 14 who showed at Florence were soldiers. Using portable easels and small canvases, they painted things that academicians shuddered at—prostitutes, troop maneuvers and barefoot peasants. Then they turned to the subject matter that early French impressionism grew fat upon: landscapes populated by rocks and sheep, woodsmen warming in a shack, wheat harvests, the faces of peasants—all done in the subdued tonalities of their dulcet *quattrocento* ancestors. Fra Angelico, Domenico Veneziano and Piero della Francesca. This week in Manhattan, a show of 92 works goes on view at the American Federation of Arts Gallery: to many viewers, it will be a pleasant new-found island (see color) in the apparently empty seas of Italian art between the baroque period of the late 18th century and the futurism of the early 20th.

Chief among the *macchiaioli* was Giovanni Fattori of Leghorn, called "The Etruscan" for his bold, brusque colorism. His vision was acute and reportorial. He sought out such scenes as a cavalryman dragged across a field by his horse or oxen idly sniffling an oddly crumpled hat, the only sign of life in a devastated battleground. Another leader was Giovanni Boldini from Ferrara, who traveled through Spain with Degas and later settled in Paris to paint exquisitely mannered portraits. A third was Vincenzo Cabianca from Verona, who loaded his canvas with oil until its scumbled surface resembled earthenware, yet caught the rich visual effect of sun-drenched landscape.

Modigliani's Legacy. The *macchiaioli* were too far from the mainstream of modern art to be noticed at once. But their pupils made good. One who studied under Fattori was an Italian Jew from Leghorn named Amedeo Modigliani. Although he is best recalled for his expressionistic nudes, there was a time when Modigliani painted fleeting visions of the unpopulated flowery banks of Tuscany with a matchless skill that paid homage to his teacher. Thus Tuscan impressionism, so eagerly seeking to become a part of European art, led Paris to its best pupils, and Italian impressionism became, until now, a forgotten page in the history of art.



BRAQUE

Discarding the third dimension.

fourth, time, by giving multiple views of the same object.

Like his paintings, Braque was a man of many facets. He was an avid swimmer, a boxer, a wrestler. He played the accordion and drove speedy sports cars until age finally slowed him down. Then, capitulating completely, he bought a Rolls-Royce, explaining that "it is as comfortable as a Pullman car and almost as big."

He was immensely successful. His works sold for as much as \$145,000. His aphorisms were published: his life was even illustrated in a comic strip. He became the only living artist ever to be shown in the Louvre—and joked at the triumph by rolling his eyes heavenward and saying, "Anyway, I'm already there." Last week, at the age of 81, Georges Braque died of a stroke—and

TUSCAN IMPRESSIONISM



"THE ORCHESTRA," by Giovanni Boldini, famed society portraitist, is painted in the

impressionist, fragmented style of late 19th century Italian *macchiaioli* (spot painters).



"SEASCAPE WITH CLOUD EFFECT," by Vincenzo Cabianca evokes romantic spirit of the Barbizon School, Tuscan

painters fought against academism, tried to probe depths of reality by taking apart and reassembling colors and forms.



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SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

The Polite Generation

In the late '50s, a rising nightclub comedian was wise to be sick if he wanted to be solvent. Monied mirth was found in plane crashes, terminal diseases, physical handicaps, capital punishment. Then Bob Newhart cleared the atmosphere. His monologues, softly twanged and delivered at leisure, drew laughter that wasn't full of marsh gas.

Newhart has more or less fathered a new generation of more or less polite comedians—not all the new faces in the field, but many of them. Charlie Manna, for one, is a typical new comedian on the nightclub circuit whose material

version of the death of Caesar, he has Caesar standing in the Forum hearing senatorial complaints. One comes from Cassius, who thinks there should be a month named after him. That would be ludicrous, retorts Caesar, whetting Cassius' blade. "Thirty days hath September, April, Cassius, and November." Hah, hah. Googgh.

Kool-Aid & Custer. Jackie Vernon, now working in New York, is so polite, humble and self-effacing that he risks tears instead of laughter. Raised in East Harlem and educated at The Bronx's Theodore Roosevelt High School, he has a mild voice with a sad urban accent, and his heavy-jowled blinking face has a kind of massive resemblance to

has worked out a funny routine on karate, and he seems to have all the drive and flair he needs, but his taste is still a bit green. He tells about the mating of a steel Superman with a cast iron Superwoman, and he makes noises that suggest a 20-ton, front-end loader scooping up a Caterpillar tractor and heading off into the bush. "You know how they had to deliver the baby?" he asks. "With a blowtorch."

Jackie Mason is a 32-year-old rabbi who has given up the temple and now tells jokes with a message. Too often the message scrapes through, but the humor does not. He is a dedicated slayer of cliché philosophies. "Don't change horses in midstream," he scoffs. "Did you ever take two horses into the middle of a stream? That is stupid in itself. But I tried it, and you know, the second



KAHANE



COSBY



MANNA



VERNON

Implausibilities but not disease.

never offends either the intelligence or the sensibilities of his audiences. He is a Bronx-accented New Yorker now working in the Catskills. His relaxed monologues are zany but sub-psychotic, riddled with implausibilities but not with disease.

Ships & Caesars. Manna is adept at verbal slapstick. He is the fellow who created in the night boites of Cocoa Beach the astronaut who refused to be blasted off until his missing crayons were found. In another routine, he lands the first men on the moon—with such a jolt that their trousers fall down. He has some good one-liners. "I don't talk about Liz Taylor because some day it will be my turn," he says. He also notes that he never talks about his wife because "what's done is done."

His best things, however, are his solo playlets. In one routine, he gets inside the human body and runs it like a ship: "Now hear this. Now hear this. All glands—secrete, secrete." Once an aspiring opera singer, Manna scores another sequence with his noteworthy tenor as he graduates the barber of Seville from barber school with a Phi Beta and has him refuse to part a man's hair from ear to ear lest people whisper into the fellow's nose. And in an inspired

Jonathan Winters. If it is true that all comedians and clowns are deeply and utterly defeated, then Jackie Vernon manages to suggest that he is the archetype of his tribe.

"To look at me, you'd never guess I used to be a dull guy," he says. "My idea of a wild time was Kool-Aid and oatmeal cookies. At parties, I stayed in the room with the coats." Dipping toward the sick, he tells about a friend, the author of *What to Do in Case of Peace*, who prophesied that on May 1, 1951, the world would come to an end. "For him it did," Vernon remembers. "He was eating in the Automat and the little glass door snapped down and broke his neck. That night in the hospital, he passed a crisis and died."

Bong or Bust. Bill Cosby is a shy and studious young Negro comedian who went to Temple University, where he was a good student, a football halfback, and a multipurpose track athlete. He got his early experience in coffeehouses in Greenwich Village, where he used to tell race jokes, but now that he is booked into the big time (Chicago's Mister Kelly's, San Francisco's hungry i, Manhattan's Village Gate), he has decided to hang or bust as a general comedian rather than as a colorful colored man. He

one was better." Somebody digs. Mason gets top bookings.

The oldest new comedian around is Jackie Kahane, who is 39 and has actually been a figure in the nightclub woodwork for some time but is now crawling toward recognition. He is a Canadian and a throwback to the era of the stand-up comedian, the school that thought a comic was a gagman, not an actor, and any joke that couldn't be told in one breath couldn't be funny. Kahane sprays his BBs in all directions. "In kindergarten, my kid slunked away... I love children, I went to school with them... Our dog is adopted. My wife and I couldn't have one... My brother-in-law? Something's wrong when a guy tries to take his pants off over his head and makes it."

TELEVISION

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ROMPER ROOM'S CLASTER FAMILY & JAPANESE TRAINEE
Sunburn for whales, and one naked individual for all.

their own living rooms participate in the activities on the screen, whether it means marching around in a circle banging spoons on pan bottoms or solemnly pledging allegiance to the flag and—as one mother reported—to "one naked individual with liberty and justice for all."

Romper Room is something unique in television among shows of any kind. It is seen in Anchorage, Bismarck, Green Bay, Montreal, New York, Dallas, Albany, Peoria, Boston, Phoenix—in 94 cities at present with 25 more to be added this fall in Japan, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Scotland; yet there is a different teacher with different children on the air each day in every city where the show is seen. It is the only TV program that is, in TV parlance, syndicated live.

Toy Bulldozers. *Romper Room* headquarters is in Baltimore, where the show was originated ten years ago by Bert Claster, a vaudeville impresario who had spotted longer green in TV. His wife Nancy became the first *Romper Room* teacher. Soon CBS made an offer to Claster, but Claster had another idea. A Norfolk, Va., TV station manager had asked if he could imitate *Romper Room*. "No," said Claster in effect. "I'll make a copy and send it to you." He trained a teacher, sent her to Norfolk with a kit of sets and props and kept her supplied with scripts and new materials from Baltimore.

Claster has since trained more than 200 teachers. In the latest class were a girl from Chicago who was picked from 750 applicants and a girl from Japan who spent 14 hours a day trying to learn how to pronounce the name of the show: except in French Canada, where it is called *La Jardinière*, *Romper Room* is the name of the show no matter what language the script may

be translated into, and Japan's Midori Namiki couldn't seem to keep herself from saying *Lomper Loom*.

Claster's mail-order method is an odd way to syndicate a show, but wherever it is seen it achieves a local flavor impossible on a network. In each *Romper Room* city, the teacher has half a dozen local five-year-olds on the air with her every day, replacing three each week. They learn the alphabet, balance baskets on their heads, shove sand around with toy bulldozers, flack for their own drawings, and learn key facts of nature, such as, say, a whale can get a sunburn and peel. It is a school, not vaudeville, to be sure, but it is a pretty good show nonetheless. Teachers crawl under tables to convince reticent little boys that their big chance is hidden in that friendly machine with the red eyes. Once in Los Angeles, the teacher asked if anyone could think of a word beginning with "U." "Ubiquitous," said an otherwise healthy kindergarten.

Inside Voice. The program has much of the iron charm of the schoolmarm: "Tony, you want to remember your *Romper Room* manners, honey." It also has a celebrated prop, the Do Bee and Don't Bee blackboard, with two big wooden bees on the top and a fresh message each day on the slate, for example, Don't Bee a Street Player, Do Bee a Walk Player. ("Don't be a street walker," said one teacher, fluffing that one.) "Remember your Do Bee manners," says teacher to a Lilliputian loudmouth. "Use your inside voice." When the little *Romper* roommates sit down for their cookies and milk, they say, "God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food." As for integration, it's a local matter, according to Claster, but he says that in Baltimore, at least, the *Rompers* have been integrated from the outset.



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MUSIC

OPERA

Viva Verdi?

The trombone players vaulted out of the orchestra pit, swinging their horns like battle-axes. Then the woodwinds, a double-bass player and even the first violins joined in, tearing furiously into the astonished audience in pursuit of hecklers' blood. When the police arrived, chairs were flying through the air across the courtyard of Venice's Palazzo Ducale. It took a frantic half hour to drag all the punch-drunk musicologists out into St. Mark's Square for a cooling breath of air.

Even for Italy, it was an extraordinary display of artistic temperament. The occasion had started as a concert performance of Verdi's *Il Corsaro* in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth, and the cognoscenti were all there. The opera had not been performed in 109 years and for excellent reason: troubled by rheumatism and an attack of *Wellschmerz* brought on by a worrisome winter in Paris, Verdi dashed *Il Corsaro* off in less than two months and immediately pronounced it beyond salvation.

The audience greeted Soprano Maria Battinelli's quavering first-act cadenzas with unrestrained boos and whistles that served to unnerv both singers and musicians. The singers soon lost their pitch, and the boys in the orchestra joined them in helpless cacophony as the audience went wild in fury. Only the night sticks of the *carabinieri* induced peace after the melee, and everyone went home agreeing that it was a lousy evening—but *viva Verdi*, anyway.

Repeat performances scheduled for



VORSETZER AT THE PIANO WITH ARCHIVISTS SIMONTON (LEFT) & HEEBNER
Ghostly presences from a golden age.

last week were canceled in the shambles of the opening night. But there remained a good question as to why *Il Corsaro* was chosen in the first place. Except for his disastrously bad *Alzira*, it represents Verdi's single lapse from musicianship and inspiration, and the preposterous libretto, inspired by Byron's *The Corsair*—the story of an Aegean pirate whose ill-starred romance leads to murder and suicide—scarcely helps matters. The one pleasing aria and the single engaging duet could hardly be expected to mollify a fastidious audience. Even the most pious Verdi worshippers could not help applying to their hero the only couplet in Byron's windy poem that is worth remembering:

He left a Corsair's name to other times.

Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

RECORDINGS

Encores from the Past

The lights in the recording studio were dimmed, and Vorsetzer, the 700-lb. pianist, stood at the keyboard of the Steinway concert grand, all 88 fingers poised over the keys. Then the mechanical wizard began to play—first a spirited Josef Hofmann performance of Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, then further séduces with Lischitzky, Paderewski, Busoni, Mahler, Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Ravel. Guided by electric impulses from a collection of unique piano rolls, Vorsetzer's sensitive fingers produced all the notes with ghostly perfection, just as the turn-of-the-century masters had played them 50 years before. But this time, tape recorders took in every appoggiatura so that the antique treasures could be preserved in high-quality stereo recordings.

Those recordings are every bit as good

as they might have been had the masters themselves been around to play for the stereo age. They are hi-fi's first completely successful encounter with a golden age of the piano, and they come with towering endorsements from the old masters (praising the piano rolls) and from such acute modern listeners as Glenn Gould, George Szell and Leopold Stokowski (praising the records).

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Beethoven & Me. Armed with a large income and an even larger reputation, Edwin Welte, the system's inventor, had no trouble inducing all the masters of the period to come to his *Musiksal* and contribute to his "Welte Legacy of

When the widow of Italian Virtuoso Ferruccio Busoni heard one of his Welte rolls being played some months after his death, the effect was so intense that she ran from the music salon screaming "Ferruccio! Ferruccio!"



VERDI IN 1859

A lapse of inspiration.



View of the mangrove islands from the Villa Parguera Hotel. A delightful spot to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

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The drier liqueur



Piano Treasures." He also recorded the likes of Ravel, Debussy and Mahler long before they had gained popular acceptance, tolerating Debussy's monumental ego ("There have been produced so far in this world two great musicians," Debussy once told him, "Beethoven and me."), encouraging timid players such as Edvard Grieg, whose embarrassment at the keyboard often reduced him to hopeless laughter. In the years before the vogue of the phonograph silenced his studios, Welte's legacy included performances by more than 100 pianists and composers.

The piano rolls were hidden in a Black Forest cave during World War II, and in 1948, an American enthusiast named Richard Simonton bought the rolls from the poor and aging Welte. But the first attempts to record them two years later were marred by everything from the sound of overhead airplanes to freezing temperatures that kept the piano out of tune. Further attempts since then have achieved somewhat better results, but nothing close to contemporary sound standards. Last year Simonton turned the rolls over to Walter Heebner, 46, a master of modern recording techniques. Played back on a modern Steinway in an acoustically ideal studio, and recorded by a battery of seven microphones, Welte's legacy produced an astoundingly good hearing for the late virtuosos.

Whimsy & Butterflies. So far, Heebner has recorded 46 Welte artists and gleaned from the rolls enough music to fill 40 LPs. He still has 60 artists unrecorded. Having despaired of distributing the records through major labels because of their inevitable involvement with discount sales, Heebner plans to sell his albums by mail order—twelve LPs a year in editions of 5,000 priced at an unvarying \$12.50 each. For openers, three LPs in a handsome package will be offered to Book-of-the-Month Club members this week at \$17.95 for monaural and \$19.95 for stereo.

Heebner is counting on musicologists and students of the piano to provide him with something of a perpetual trust fund; the records, he thinks, will never go out of date. But flawless and fascinating as they are, careful listeners may find them full of disturbing surprises. Many of the classic works are given performances that are difficult to reconcile with modern piano interpretation. The effect of changing taste and style on the music is startlingly apparent.

For all that, students of the history of piano-playing may now find answers to many of the questions that nag their conversation (But how good was Busoni?), for the sweep of genius from those halcyon days is very nearly complete. The old pianists seem far more individual and whimsical than today's players. Saint-Saëns had a touch like Sonny Liston; Olga Samaroff, born Lucie Hickenlooper in Texas and once married to Stokowski, had all the percussive power of a butterfly.



NEW YORK



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MODERN LIVING



AFTER THE AFTER-PARTY
The bill belongs to Daddy

YOUTH

Riotous Fun

Sacking a city has always been one of man's favorite forms of fun. About the only peacetime substitute is a good riot—and riots just don't happen every day of the week. They are beginning to happen on Labor Day weekend, though, regularly enough to constitute a new teen-age folklaw. This year's rash of riots included:

- A series of brawls in the Falmouth-Hyannis area of Cape Cod, Mass., in which 160 young people were arrested—among them James Collins, 19, from Wethersfield, Conn., on charges of killing Stephen Gilligan of Newton, Mass. (whom he had never seen before) by hitting him so hard with a table leg that pieces of it penetrated his skull.

- A teen-age free-for-all at Hampton Beach, N.H., in which the town police force had to be augmented by firemen, state troopers and military police, using fire hoses, tear gas and six police dogs.

- The arrest of 60 youths at Lake George, N.Y., for public intoxication, disorderly conduct and drinking on the street—a relief to the authorities compared with the serious rioting in 1961.

- The arrest of 135 youngsters at Ocean City, Md., accused of violating a midnight-to-6 a.m. curfew which the city council had imposed to avoid repetition of last year's riot.

- A revel of hot-rodders at Indianapolis' Raceway Park that took 25 state troopers to control.

- A riot of 2,000 teen-agers at Seaside, Ore., eventually dispersed by club-swinging police and National Guardsmen, who made 50 arrests.

A Swing from a Chandelier. The weekend's most elegant—and most destructive—riot broke out at Southampton, Long Island.

It began with one of the best debaucher parties of the year, given for

pretty, blonde Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill by her stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leas, at their estate. In all, some 800 of what *Vogue* likes to call The Beautiful People disported themselves amid pink marquee lights to the music of Lester Lanin. Mark (not Meyer) Davis and an 18-piece twist band. At about 6 a.m. the party broke up, but some 65 of the boys and girls chipped in \$5 per couple to hire the twist band for three more hours of fun at a big, old, vacant mansion, which the Leases had rented to house the out-of-town slugs.

As the after-party rolled merrily along into the morning, things began to get a bit out of hand when some of the boys began dancing on the mantelpiece and climbing around the rafters. Then somebody tried a swing from the chandelier, and—surprise, surprise—it came apart in his hands. But all hell didn't really break loose until after 10 a.m.,



KEEPING ORDER AT LAKE GEORGE
The last fling of summer.

when the music packed up and most of those not staying there went home.

Somehow in the next hour or so, the house was turned into a shambles. About 200 windowpanes were broken, curtains were torn down, telephones torn out, rugs were scattered, a refrigerator and various lamps were turned over, and most of the furniture ended up on the beach. The police took about 30 of the young bloods down to the station house for a few hours of questioning. About a dozen of them admitted doing the damage, tentatively estimated at \$2,000 to \$3,000.

The Affluent Delinquents. Authorities think that the upsurge of teen-age rioting can be traced in part to the example set by the recent racial violence. Others blame the excessive availability of strong drink. Labor Day is a long weekend and the last fling of summer. But Labor Day rioters are a new kind of delinquent—not underprivileged but relatively well-off. And in the case of Southampton's top-drawer vandals, there was margin to spare. In Harlem or Chicago's South Side, they would have landed in court and perhaps in a reform school, but in Southampton last week, no one was so ill-bred as to press charges. It must give every affluent J.D. confidence to know that whatever damage he does, Daddy—or somebody—will pay.

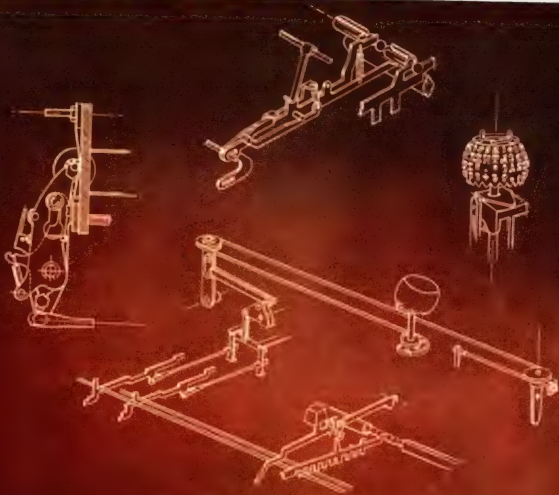
CUSTOMS

F.O.B. Nameville

One era of the days when a prospective buyer could just bound into an auto salesroom and announce that what he saw in his future was a Ford, Buick or Chevrolet. Now, in order to choose from a bewildering selection of car names, he may need *The World Almanac*, a foreign-language guide, a vest-pocket bestiary, and perhaps a celestial-navigation chart. Already on the market are such prestigious monikers as Ford's Galaxie 500 XI (the XI means nothing at all), Chevrolet's Impala or Corvair Monza Spyder (apparently spelled with a y to avoid the insect image, despite Chevy disclaimers), Oldsmobile's F-85 and Starfire (odes to the jet age). And there are more to come.

Engaged in a game that's known in the trade as Nameville, highly paid admen and eager auto executives seldom rest in their search for something new. Among a crop of 1964 models previewed recently in Detroit were cars yeelp: the Pontiac Brougham (pronounced broom), after England's Lord Brougham (1778-1868), who designed the original four-seater carriage; the Mercury Comet Caliente, which is "hot" in Spanish and hot in Detroit; the intermediate Chevrolet Chevelle—with the additives "300," "Malibu" or "Malibu SS"; and the Chrysler 300-K, which is simply the next after the 300-J.

The smart-sounding place name is still a big favorite: Monterey, Biscayne, Park Lane. Pontiac will add the GTO—bor-



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GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER

rowed from Ferrari's GTO (Gran Turismo Omologato)—to a racing stable that at present includes the Bonneville, Grand Prix and Le Mans. American Motors' Rambler continues to chug along with its American, Classic and Ambassador models tagged according to price and polish.

What's in a name? That all depends. Says one Ford executive: "If the car is weak, its name can be an important factor in sales. If the car is strong, you can call it the Dodo and it will still sell strongly." But despite the advice of an army of research specialists, cars continue to be christened pretty much on a hit-or-miss basis. "We call in the advertising agency," explains one insider. "They come up with a list of suggested names. They go out and survey them, then report back. We pare the list down and take it to our top executive. He doesn't like any of them. Next morning he says, 'I got a great idea while I was taking a bath last night—let's call it the Zot.' Great idea, we say. So the car is called the Zot."



DIOR'S JEWELLED BODICE
How about the husband?

FASHION

The Good Look

When Dior's Marc Bohan took the plunge in evening dresses for his latest collection, fashion writers had something to write home about. The bosom was not only seen, said one, but "almost heard," and the staid New York Herald Tribune found the new neckline "positively clinical."

Now that the photographs are published, it is possible for those who value a well-rounded view of the fashion world to see what all the talk was about. Magazine editors in Paris and the U.S. lost no time in combining the new dresses with the right models and lighting arrangements. How the U.S. public will take to the new good look remains to be seen. Men will almost certainly approve—as males. But as bill-paying husbands and fathers?

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MEDICINE

SURGERY

Operating Rooms In the Round

As surgery on the body's most vital organs, the brain and heart, has become more daring and more effective, it has also become more complex. Each new mechanical or electronic aid to the surgeon's skills requires people to run it, and an operating room being used for open-heart surgery now looks like a mob scene from Shakespeare. The crowding and confusion not only bother the surgeon; they are also a disadvantage for the patient: every extra warm body in the operating room is a potential source of infection. Last week, at the huge Clinical Center in Bethesda, Md., the National Institutes of Health dedicated an ultramodern surgical wing designed to clear the crowds from the operating room, while giving both surgeons and patients the greatest possible benefits from advances in technology.

From the air, the \$2,000,000 operating wing looks like a giant tadpole, anchored to the main building by its tail. Earthbound doctors, noting its blue glass panels, have dubbed it "the cyanotic silo." Arranged in a basically circular pattern (see diagram), the ground floor is used for a blood bank. The second floor is for heart surgery, but the actual operating rooms occupy only two spaces shaped like generous slices of a pie. The third floor has masses of equipment for recording the research doctors' data, and glass observation domes for looking down into the heart operating rooms. The fourth floor, for brain surgery, is much like the second, but with some added equipment that only the neurosurgeon needs, such as a stereotactic device for placing electrodes at precise points deep inside the skull.

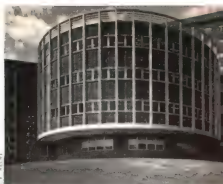
"This wing," says the Clinical Center's Director Jack Masur, "will give

our surgical investigators a new resource. It will give them information that they only guessed at before, or got only spasmodically—such things as systolic, diastolic and also venous blood pressure, blood temperature as well as body temperature, blood loss since the operation began." All the cables from the monitoring equipment that supplies such information are plugged into a junction box mounted in a pedestal at one end of the operating table.* From there, a cable in the floor carries the information to the central recording rooms that Assistant Director Robert Farrier calls "the central nervous system of the operating wing."

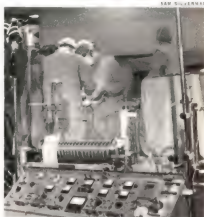
Mumbling Masks. In older operating rooms, Dr. Masur notes, the surgeon had to rely on an assistant, or the anesthesiologist or a nurse, to mumble bits of information to him through a muffling mask. "Now he just glances up to an illuminated display board mounted high on the wall that continually flashes the physiological data from the recording room. The data are also stored, and doctors can study them later to see what went on from beginning to end, and therefore give better care to the next patient."

Even though they are miniaturized, the recording rooms' electronic instruments that give the surgeons so much information fill huge, stainless steel consoles studded with a bewildering array of knobs, screens and lights. Signals from the consoles go not only to the display boards in the operating room, but to similar panels in observation rooms for visiting surgeons, and to the consoles at which technicians sit, behind glass panels, only a few feet from the operating table. The console technicians

At the head for heart operations, but at the foot for head operations, so that the gear will not be in the brain surgeon's way



NEW SURGERY WING AT BETHESDA, MD.



MONITOR PANEL FOR HEART OPERATION

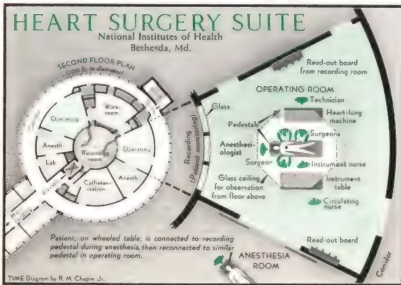
The doctor can play the record back.

are in telephone communication with the operating team, and they make many adjustments of equipment that used to clutter the operating room itself.

24 Channels. Each 3-ft. by 4-ft. display board consists of an oscilloscope and a panel on which the information from the scope's wave forms can be read numerically. The surgeon can select as many as eight of 24 different channels for this "read-out board," and he can switch channels whenever he wants to. He can even get the technicians to play back a previous part of the record for comparison with current wave forms.

"We have been able to reduce the number of people in the heart room to a hard core of seven," says Dr. Farrier. "Three surgeons, an anesthesiologist, the instrument nurse who handles only sterile materials, a circulating nurse for the rest, and a technician. Since surgery involves teaching, we put in a good color TV monitor over the operating table, and keep the surgical observers out of the room."

Plugged In & Out. The heart patient is taken to the second floor on a wheeled operating table, already hooked up to all the electrical leads for all the monitoring devices that will help him through the operation. In the anesthesia room, the electrical leads are plugged into a pedestal connected with the recording room, and the anesthesiologist (a physician) gives the chosen mixture of oxygen and anesthetic gases. Then patient and table are wheeled into the



operating room, and the monitoring equipment leads are plugged into another pedestal there.

Above the heart surgery table and its brilliant lights, a cylinder 15 ft. wide pours out a flow of sterile air, at 6,000 cu. ft. a minute, adjusted to the most desirable temperature and humidity. The air is drawn off near the floor and is not recirculated. So efficient is this system that not more than one microbe or grain of pollen gets through in every hundred cubic feet of air.

Even before last week's dedication staff members had tried out the new rooms. Said NIH Director James Shannon: "This setup will be out of date tomorrow, but it's the ultimate in what's available today."

DRUGS

Krebiozen Analyzed

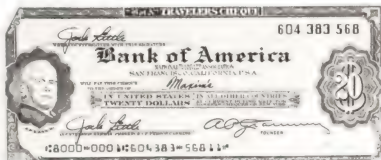
There were two secrets about Krebiozen: What is in it? And does it work? Yugoslav Emigré Dr. Stevan Durovic, who says he extracted the so-called anticancer drug from horse serum and brought it from Argentina to Illinois, has never identified the drug's ingredients, and both private and Government cancer experts for years refused to give the unknown substance wide trials with patients. Last week the first secret was out: the Food and Drug Administration stated flatly that Krebiozen is nothing more than the common amino acid derivative, creatine, found naturally in the muscle tissue of men and animals, and utterly ineffective in tests on animal cancer.

Dr. Durovic surrendered a sampling of Krebiozen to FDA agents last July, and at once chemists began systematic analysis with an infrared spectroscope. After the complex spectrogram was compared with that of thousands of other organic compounds, the pattern of Krebiozen was found to match that of creatine. Ironically, Krebiozen is much easier to produce than Dr. Durovic may realize: he uses benzene, in which creatine is highly insoluble, for extraction. Using plain water as a solvent for the process, he might get several hundred times more amino acid derivative from each horse.

Observing the FDA investigation were researchers from the National Bureau of Standards, the National Cancer Institute, and four universities. Even with such impeccable scientific credentials, the report is not likely to go uncontested. Krebiozen has strong emotional appeal and powerful political supporters (among them, Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas), and one of its most passionate promoters, Physiologist Andrew Conway Ivy, stubbornly insists that "creatine isn't Krebiozen. We're going ahead as in the past." But before long, the other secret of Krebiozen may be found: the National Cancer Institute is scrutinizing the records of 507 patients treated with Krebiozen, and its conclusions may finally end the controversy.



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RELIGION

THE WORLD COUNCIL

Questions at 15

The World Council of Churches is 15 years old, and—as could be seen last week in Rochester, N.Y., where the 100 members of the World Council's central committee concluded their annual meeting—less sure than it once was of its own shape and goals. Much of the council's self-concern is a consequence of a great triumph: the admission to full membership of four Orthodox churches at the New Delhi

cow, argued that it had not occurred to Orthodox bishops that the council "regards itself as having ecclesiological significance." The Rev. Paul Verghese of the Syrian Orthodox Church, who is director of the council's Division of Ecumenical Action, challenged Visser 't Hooft's assumption that council membership implies a readiness to join in a dialogue with other churches involving mutual correction. "If this had been known to the churches," he said, "there are many who would not belong." Visser 't Hooft, who is Verghese's superior in the council's hierarchy, answered with a smile: "I will have to find time in Geneva to speak with my colleague."

Parkinson's Law. Questioning the council's role in the world has not been limited to Orthodoxy. In an article in the current *Ecumenical Review*, Karl Barth, of Basel, warned that the spirit of renewal seemed to be blowing stronger in Rome than in Geneva these days. Many delegates in Rochester were aware of the need to criticize the gradual "institutionalizing" of the council. In a debate on the latest annual increase in the council's budget, the Anglican Bishop of Winchester complained that professional ecumenicism seemed to many to be proving Parkinson's Law. "Why," he said, "one year we have a secretary, then an assistant general secretary, then a secretariat." Shortly before the committee approved the provisional admission of nine new churches, which will bring the total to 209, Dr. Kathleen Bliss of Great Britain, a member of the Executive Committee, pointed out that there is a risk involved in growth: the possibility that the council's original sense of fellowship may be lost. "A lot of churches join as a way of making themselves 'O.K.' churches," she said, adding that they often bring "something that is not thereby the World Council's wishes." As it has grown, the council has created a flock of initial-rich branchlets with such titles as D.I.C.A.R.W.S.,* and Council Co-President Charles Parlin, a Methodist lawyer from New York, admits: "Instead of becoming structurally easier, the council is becoming structurally more difficult."

Some outsiders argue that such indecision is evidence that the World Council is going from dynamic youth straight into old age. Council executives, on the other hand, proudly regard such self-criticism as proof that the ecumenical movement is alive and well. Says Associate General Secretary Dr. Frederick Nolde: "Any organization can become ingrown and lose its perspective, but I don't believe that this can happen in the council, where there is a process of criticism. A form of renewal is taking place here continually."

* For Division of Inter-Church Aid, Refugees and World Service.



NIKODIM
Objections.

General Assembly two years ago. Now fully committed to participation in ecumenicism, Orthodoxy has brought its own theological insights and doctrinal claims to World Council discussions, and in the process upset some of the conclusions patiently worked out by the Western and Protestant founders of the movement.

In a major address on the meaning of council membership, General Secretary Willem Visser 't Hooft raised the question of whether the council could be described in ecclesiological terms, although he admitted that the council was "neither the Church nor a church nor the superchurch. The World Council is, by its very nature, the servant of churches" that find in membership "a deeper understanding of the nature of the church and find new opportunities to manifest its true meaning."

In discussion afterward, clerics from the East were loudest in criticizing Visser 't Hooft's suggestion that the council could be discussed in terms that pertained only to the churches. Bishop Samuel of Egypt's Coptic Church warned that "the mere mention of this subject makes the work of the Orthodox churches difficult." Brown-bearded Metropolitan Nikodim, head of the delegation from the Patriarchate of Mos-

JUDAISM

Of Reason & Revelation

Sacred Scripture offers one way of looking at life, man's reason another. Often the two seem to conflict. The problem of reconciling them is as timely as Tillich, but it is one that each generation has always had to face, struggling to find its own solutions.

Few efforts to bridge the gap between reason and revelation have had longer life or greater influence than the *Guide of the Perplexed*, written more than seven centuries ago by Rabbi Moses ben Maimon, better known (by the Greek form of his name) as Maimonides. Just published is the 20th century's first complete English version of Maimonides' classic *Guide* (University of Chicago: \$15). Translated by Dr. Shlomo Pines of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, the *Guide* freshly emerges as a mirror of an age and as the intellectual masterwork of a remarkable man.

"From Moses to Moses." Maimonides lived at a time (1135-1204) when it was still possible for one man to aspire to master all knowledge, and he was equally famed as philosopher, physician, and interpreter of the Jewish Law. Of him it was said: "From Moses to Moses there is none like unto Moses." He was born in the Spanish city of Cor-



MAIMONIDES
Reconciliations.

dova, but Moslem persecution drove his family to Morocco, Palestine, and finally to Egypt, where the Sultan Saladin provided refuge for Jews who were persecuted by other Islamic regimes.

Maimonides was physician to the Sultan's court, and legend has it that Richard the Lion-Hearted tried to lure him away from Saracen service during the Third Crusade. One of his century's medical pioneers, Maimonides wrote treatises on curing asthma, indigestion, hemorrhoids and various male sexual disorders. He was also appointed head of Egypt's Jewish communities, and wrote the 14-volume *Mishneh Torah*.



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Homemakers acquiring the latest in electric ranges are emancipated from the traditional inflexibility of five fixed heats to which former rotatory or push-button contrivances were confined. With frustrating frequency, such inability to modulate caloric output occasioned glutinously underdone pancakes because "Medium" heat was inadequate or caused lactic ebullience because "Low" proved insufficiently so!

Happily, with the exception of one prominent fabricator who seems either enamored of antiquities or overburdened with a multimillion inventory of push buttons, the manufacturers of most celebrated and desired brands now offer the domestic gastrologist the infinite superiority of infinite control.

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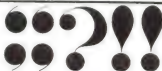
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a masterful, encyclopedic codification of Jewish Law that summarized 15 centuries of Talmudic interpretation.

The *Guide of the Perplexed*, written in Arabic and published in 1190, was an attempt to resolve the intellectual difficulties of Jews confronted with the work of Islamic sages, who had discovered Aristotle and grafted his ideas onto the prevailing Neoplatonism of the age. This synthesis seemed so reasonable that the devout Jew often found himself, said Maimonides, "in a state of perplexity and confusion." Should he "follow his intellect," renouncing what he knew from Scripture, the foundation of the Law? "Or he should hold fast to Scripture, and not let himself be drawn on together with his intellect?"

Aristotle Had a Point. Maimonides' solution to the dilemma was to argue that the conflict between Aristotle and the Bible did not really exist, since there was no inconsistency between the truths discerned by reason and those taught by religion. In large part, he accepted the validity of Aristotle's metaphysics, and tried to show that most of its apparent opposition to Scripture arose from failure to see that certain parts of the Bible should be interpreted as "parables" rather than as literal truth. He argued that there was no incompatibility between the personal God of Judaism and Aristotle's shadowy Prime Mover, since the Bible's anthropomorphic passages about God could not be considered literal descriptions of the essentially unknowable Supreme Being.

Maimonides believed that God had preordained that certain miracles would occur within the natural order, but admitted that many wonders recorded in the Bible were probably misunderstood natural events. He also argued that the duties and prohibitions of the Torah were as rational as Aristotle's code of ethics. "All the Laws have a cause," he wrote, "though we do not know the cause for some of them, and we do not know the manner in which they conform to wisdom."

Christian Admiration. After his death, medieval Judaism split between Maimonists, his supporters, and anti-Maimonists, who denounced the *Guide* to the Roman Catholic Inquisition. Because the church at the time also regarded Aristotelianism as a danger to the faith, the inquisitors agreed to ban Maimonides' book.

Later, when Aristotle became more respectable in the church's eyes, Maimonides' *Guide* came to find an appreciative audience among Christian thinkers. It was read and quoted by Albertus Magnus and Duns Scotus, and St. Thomas Aquinas followed the methods of "Rabbi Moses" in creating his own great synthesis of Aristotelian philosophy and Catholic doctrine. In Judaism, the *Guide* has even into the 20th century remained an extraordinary source of inspiration, aiding the perplexed in the ever-complete task of justifying the ways of God and the ways of man.

New holes in the Iron Curtain

The current LIFE drills quite a few.

For six weeks this summer, LIFE editors and photographers probed deep into the heart and character of the Soviet Union, avoiding government-sponsored junkets, going beyond the usual tourist haunts. What they uncovered off the beaten news path appears in this week's LIFE—a special issue entirely devoted to the Soviet Union as it is today.

One of their remarkable discoveries: Russia's most unknown quantity, its middle class. Everywhere, LIFE correspondents asked these substantial families, "How exactly do you live?" The answers they received expose dramatic changes in Soviet life in recent years, and reveal Communism working better than many Americans think.

LIFE . . . Soviet middle class, Soviet farmers, Soviet "have nots" determined to be "haves"—this week, as every week, LIFE brings you face to face with people who shape events. And week after week, this kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care about the world around them. People you like to sell to read LIFE.

EDUCATION

TEACHERS

A Course in Defiance

The worst conflict in the history of the nation's largest school system raced toward a showdown last week. For more than two months, New York City's board of education had talked contract terms with the teachers' union. In 70 sessions—many of them shirt-sleeved, round-the-clock meetings—the two sides worked to open the city's 860 schools this week on schedule. Then, late in the week, negotiations collapsed, and the union was left contradictorily blustering that it would strike and welcoming mediation.

"Mean & Inevitable." Of New York's 43,000 teachers, nearly half—21,000—are members of the militant United Federation of Teachers. When the union's contract expired last June, U.F.T. President Charles Cogen, 59, demanded higher pay. The state's Condon-Wadlin law, passed in 1947 after a teachers' strike in Buffalo, forbids strikes by public employees and sets a high price for disobedience—loss of two days' pay for every day out, loss of tenure and normal salary increases. But Cogen's membership overwhelmingly voted to strike.

New York's teachers are well paid for big cities, with salaries ranging from \$5,300 for a beginner to a maximum of \$10,445 for a teacher with tenure, an M.A. and 30 graduate credits. Cogen originally asked for \$56 million a year for the next three years, which would have resulted in average increases of \$3,700 over the period. During the negotiations, he scaled down his demands, but remained insistent on "money now." School Superintendent Calvin E. Gross, the topflight educator brought in five months ago from Pittsburgh to reform the city's system, was sympathetic, but

short of cash. He finally countered with an offer of at least \$15 million contingent on a two-year contract, and with the increase coming next year. He warned teachers that a strike would invoke the Condon-Wadlin penalties, which were "mean and inevitable."

"Courage & Idealism." Cogen, a short (5 ft. 2 in.) and usually kindly Brooklyn social studies teacher, remained defiant. Though an injunction was brought against the union, Cogen and his teachers refused to obey it. Before a tumultuous meeting of the U.F.T. delegates' assembly, he promised to run the strike from jail, if necessary. "Give 'em hell, Charley," bellowed the delegates, rejecting Gross's offer by 1,500 to 17.

New York's teachers shook their fists in the face of overwhelming odds—moral, legal and economic. The U.F.T. has no strike fund, and State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen Jr. warned that he could annul the license of every striking teacher. Cogen rejected the idea that the sight of teachers striking against the law might be an unedifying lesson for students. "The prohibition of strikes is unfair, unjust and totalitarian," he argued. "We shall be setting a good example for our students. Civic courage and idealism should be practiced by those who teach it." Superintendent Gross prepared for the worst, authorized his principals as a last recourse to call in unlicensed substitutes.

UNIVERSITIES

New Duke

With its gaunt Gothic spires surrounded by vast reaches of dark green forest, North Carolina's Duke University wears the look of a wealthy medieval fief—and in the '50s it was the scene of a power struggle that would

have done credit to a Teutonic duchy. That was the reign of a lanky, brush-browed Tennessean named Arthur Hollis Edens, Duke's third president, and it should have been a time of peaceful expansion under an ambitious \$80 million, ten-year program approved by the trustees. Instead, Edens came into conflict with his vice president and chief academic officer, Chemist Paul M. Gross, who saw himself as better fitted to administer the expansion plan. Both faculty and trustees split into opposing camps, and the sterile strife went on until 1960, when Edens resigned and Gross was relieved of his administrative duties (but stayed on as professor of chemistry).

As president pro tem, the trustees appointed Dr. Deryl Hart, chairman of the Duke Medical School's department of surgery. Hart quickly sutured the faculty wounds, proved so capable an administrator that he was confirmed as president. Late last year Hart, on reaching 68, announced his retirement. Last week he stepped down, a new president took office, and Duke finally seems ready to shape a new course toward excellence.

"The Epic Tradition." At 42, lean, cigar-smoking Douglas Maitland Knight is the youngest president in the 39 years since the great Duke tobacco fortune created the school with a \$40 million endowment. Despite his youth, Knight brings broad experience from both large university and small college. East and Middle West. Born in Cambridge, Mass., he studied at Yale, got a Ph.D. in English literature in 1946, then stayed on to teach for eight years. His tough junior seminar on "The European Heroic and Epic Tradition" ran the gamut from Homer to Joyce, with time out for ten-minute sherry breaks; it won a "four-bell must" recommendation from the usually harsh Yale undergraduate course critique.

In 1953 Wisconsin's small but prestigious Lawrence College tapped him as its new president, after Nathan Pusey moved on to Harvard. At Lawrence, Knight doubled the book value of the physical plant, similarly increased the school's endowment by 150%. A popular president, he ran an informal school, managed to teach "Epic Tradition" to advanced students in alternate years despite his heavy administrative duties. Then came the call from Duke.

Knight's arrival completes a transition from the old to the young on Duke's Durham, N.C., campus. In the past few years, new deans took charge of the schools of medicine, divinity, forestry, engineering and law, as well as the graduate school of arts and sciences. The university had been losing faculty members to better-paying campuses, but in 1960 the Duke Endowment put up an extra \$1,000,000 from discretionary funds to raise salaries. The sum was matched, mostly by alumni, in two years, and Duke has now begun to pick up valuable scholars from other campuses. To head its growing oceanography de-



UNION PRESIDENT COGEN & SUPERINTENDENT GROSS
On beyond negotiation.



DUKE KNIGHT
On beyond regionalism.

partment, Duke netted Zoologist Robert Menzies from the University of Southern California. From Wellesley, to become dean of Duke's Woman's College, came Political Scientist M. Margaret Ball.

"Much Has Been Given," Knight assumes command of an impressive physical plant, currently valued at \$83 million and adorned by a set of new buildings: a \$4,700,000 biological sciences building, a \$1,700,000 law building, a \$2,600,000 apartment project for married graduate students, A new \$2,200,000 medical building will house the Duke Center for the Study of Aging plus a diagnostic and treatment unit. Earlier this month Duke awarded a \$1,200,000 contract to build a 188-ft., 350-ton oceanographic research ship—a seagoing laboratory-classroom that Duke will share in a cooperative venture with about 25 other universities and colleges.

"No great university ever has everything it wants," warned Knight in his first speech. "The fact remains that much has been given us, and much will be expected. We dare not be satisfied until we are a national force in every field which legitimately concerns us." With his New England and Middle Western background, Douglas Knight should know how to forge a national force from his growing but still regional university.

COLLEGES

Triumph or Trimester?

The most obvious way to get more out of college students, teachers and school facilities is to banish the long, fallow summer vacation. The means for doing so is the "trimester" plan, by which the school year is divided into three terms of 14 weeks each, leaving only one month of summer vacation

and turning out B.A. graduates in less than three years. The largest application of the trimester plan got under way last fall in Florida, where by order of the state legislature all four state campuses (enrollment: 31,030) adopted the new calendar. Now, with a year of trimester experience behind them, Florida's students and teachers are ready to report.

No Time for Research. Faculty members had the most legitimate complaints about the new system. The longer school year cuts deeply into their research work, which at most U.S. colleges is the key to advancement. Although Florida offered 20% more pay for teaching three trimesters instead of two semesters, many teachers would rather have had the extra vacation or moonlighting time. Since trimesters are shorter by two weeks than the old 16-week semesters, professors have had to tighten up their courses. The trend in examinations is away from penetrating essay questions to machine-graded objective tests.

Students quickly dubbed the new timetable "trimester," found that it whittled away time for dating, extra-curricular activities and lesson absorption. At Florida State University, one sophomore says: "I have a feeling of cramming rather than learning." Another student complained that he "had to read the *Fluid* in two nights." By taking a full load of courses each trimester, a student could graduate in as few as eight trimesters. But at the University of Florida, most students have gone the other way, cutting the average load from 15½ credit hours to 14½, while others attend only two trimesters out of three.

Another \$10,000. But the trimester system is not all monster. In fact, it has achieved many of the goals it was designed to reach. "There's definitely a more serious attitude toward studying," says Robert Mautz, the University of Florida's dean of academic affairs. "There are darned few Saturdays when you won't find the library comfortably full." Midweek dating and fraternity frivolities have diminished, and there has even been a marked drop-off of inpatients at campus infirmaries. At both Florida and Florida State, grades have equalled or topped those under the semester system.

For all their grouching, many students appreciate the opportunity the trimester gives them to finish their education faster. Says one Florida State graduate engineering student: "We love it. It cuts a year off studying and gives us one more year of earning power. With a Ph.D., that could mean another \$10,000." As to the damage wrought by the trimester on campus social life, one Florida senior confessed: "The weekends haven't been hurt much. Most of us are going to have our weekends no matter what." The new system appears to be neither triumph nor trimester.

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U.S. BUSINESS



ALLEGRO "DREAM" CAR
The shift is toward speed.

criticized styling feature of the 1961-63 series) with a hood and grille that strongly resemble the angular T-Bird styling of 1957 to 1960. The '64 T-Bird also offers a reclining front passenger seat with headrest, seat belts that retract automatically into small containers when not in use, and red lights that blink warnings when seat belts are not fastened or doors improperly closed.

Ford is abandoning the basic style it has held to for the past six years, which has become stale in the showrooms. More important, the company decided to end the strong look-alike appearance that blurred the difference between its high-priced cars and its low-priced lines. Ford will go even further in quest of a speedy "playboy" image by bringing out a four-passenger sports car priced under \$2,500, which it will introduce at the New York World's Fair next spring. As a teaser last week, Ford showed off an Allegro "dream" sports car; it will never go on sale, but its front end bears a striking resemblance to that of the forthcoming sports car.

Confidence & Criticism. The Ford Division's tough, aggressive boss, Lee Iacocca, 38, last week predicted that in 1964 the auto industry will sell more than 7,000,000 cars for the third year in a row and that Ford's new models will give it the best production for any quarter in its 60-year history. But he mixed his confidence with some surprising criticism of Ford's former top leadership: "We can look anyone in the eye now and say we have the best cars in the industry. We couldn't do this until recently."

SELLING

Gone with the Glad-Hander

The stage version of the salesman—depicted with pity by Arthur Miller, or sympathetically by Meredith Willson—is of a glib, boisterous glad-hander who rides on a shoeshine and a spicy story. There are still some of the old breed around, and proud of it, but today's big-time industrial salesman is more likely to be a technician who advises his company on new products and counsels customers on how to use them. He has more authority and responsibility and, with a boost from jets, covers more territory than ever before. Even his name has changed, to avoid the old stigma. At Ford, he is a "field manager"; at

Wyandotte Chemicals, a "market specialist"; Burroughs, a "sales engineer"; Parke Davis, a "medical service representative." By any name, today's salesman is better schooled, if less colorful, than his forebears. Engineering graduates are favored for the job, but says a Kaiser Aluminum recruiter, "We've got everything from metallurgists to medicine-Spanish majors out in the field."

Expensive Luxury. The new salesman is a product of the increasingly technological nature of U.S. business and the kind of corporate bigness that toughens competition. The simple metal lathe that a salesman used to sell has turned into an automated electronic marvel that costs thousands more, but does everything except serve the coffee break. The salesman has become a front man for a costly team of engineers, chemists and market researchers back at the home office who realize that it is often easier to make something than to sell it. With stakes so high, no company can afford to have a man in the field whose chief qualifications are bright luncheon chatter and a low golf score. Some companies even use computers to check which salesmen are earning most at least cost.

The hard realities of costs and competition have also produced a more demanding buyer, who may himself turn to a computer in deciding which product to choose. Often a higher executive than a purchasing agent makes the ultimate buying decision, and dealing with a corporate vice president calls for a sophisticated salesman. "A 22-year-old salesman out in the market is a luxury that we cannot afford and the customer resents," says Robert Appling, a marketing executive for Crown Zellerbach, which grooms men for three years before sending them out to sell. Olin Mathieson has two training programs, one for engineers to learn selling, the other for salesmen to learn engineering.

Open Road. It often takes an engineer to understand and describe how his own product differs subtly from the competitors', and to anticipate what the

customer really wants. Electric Storage Battery sends its salesmen to Michigan State University to study the "need-satisfaction theory," which delves into methods of drawing out a customer on what he needs. Often a salesman induces his company to tailor a new product for a customer. Kaiser Aluminum researchers are striving to answer a salesman's call for a shiny, dent-resistant aluminum alloy that auto companies can use for bumpers.

Companies find it hard to sell the career of selling. A survey of 123 colleges by *Sales Management* magazine shows that only one in 17 college men would be willing to try selling. Students tend to view the selling life as dreary insecurity, with most of the week spent away from the family. To add luster and a measure of security, most companies have switched from paying commissions only to paying salaries plus incentive bonuses. Total pay ranges from \$5,000, for a beginner, to upward of \$30,000 for high-powered men at the top. One of the recruiters' strongest selling points is that more than one-quarter of the chiefs of U.S. companies with sales over \$500 million came up through marketing and sales.



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CORPORATIONS

How to Find Oil the Modern Way

Sinclair Oil President Edward L. Steinger, 60, became chief executive of the nation's ninth largest oil company two years ago because he has a talent for finding oil. Supervising Venezuelan operations earlier in his 38-year career with Sinclair, Steinger brought in 105 wells in 108 attempts during a three-year period, and located the Barinas Field that is one of the company's prime properties. Sinclair needs oil badly because it is in the uncomfortable position of owning far more refining capacity (470,000 bbl. daily) than production capacity (201,000 bbl.). Buying crude to keep its refineries cracking costs Sinclair \$3 a bbl. v. \$2 for oil from its own wells. Describing his company's plight, Steinger uses a kitchen analogy: "It's like a baker with big ovens and not enough flour for his dough."

Last week Steinger, who also has an incisive way of sizing up balance sheets, announced that Sinclair had found oil in quite another manner. For about \$252 million, it agreed to buy Houston's Texas Gulf Producing Co., Sinclair's third acquisition this year. If stockholders and the Government approve, Sinclair will get added supplies of 33,500 bbl. daily from Texas Gulf fields in nine states as well as in Libya and Peru. On the lookout for still more, Steinger will spend \$80 million this year for Sinclair explorations from Canada to Somalia.

Costly Prospect. Texas Gulf was eager to sell, though earnings last year were \$6,300,000 and stand to increase 40% in 1963. The company is controlled by two brothers, Chairman Gordon Reed, 63, and President Lawrence S. Reed, 58, who spent almost ten years buying and selling oil leases before they took over Texas Gulf in 1941. The Reed brothers have also been adept at oil prospecting. Their greatest strike was the 150 million bbl. Headlee Field in West Texas' Permian Basin. But that was in 1952, and the costs of finding another one like it today are staggering. The best prospects remaining are Louisiana deep holes that cost \$700,000 each to bring in, or offshore wells that can cost up to \$10 million each—prices only the majors can afford.

Conservative Lawrence Reed, who looks and acts more like a banker than an oil boomer, also worries that Congress will cut the oilmen's cherished 27½ depletion allowance. "Looking ahead," says he, "we saw that for the rest of our corporate lives we'd be in a position of liquidating our U.S. reserves, spending our money overseas and paying out large dividends. Keep that up, and I have doubts what tax position Uncle Sam would someday take." The brothers advised Texas Gulf shareholders to get out while they were ahead.

Dedicated Driver. Sinclair is less sensitive to possible depletion allowance cuts since it markets oil besides produc-



STEINGER & DINOSAURS
More flour for the dough.

ing it. Steinger, however, has other serious worries common to the big, integrated oil companies. U.S. gasoline price wars since 1957 have chopped incomes of the majors like Sinclair, whose own crude supplies are short. But under Steinger, Sinclair is recouping on overseas sales and petrochemicals. This year's first half earnings jumped 71% to \$32 million.

Steinger helps Sinclair's gasoline sales in even little ways: after a quarter-mile swim before breakfast at his home in Norwalk, Conn., he shuns commuter trains to ride all the way in a chauffeur-driven car to his Fifth Avenue office. (Winters he, his wife and teen-age son and daughter live in an East Side Manhattan apartment.) At work, he puts his stamp on all details of the business. It was Steinger who revived the dinosaur symbol to advertise Sinclair after the company became aware of persistent interest in dinosaurs among children—those Sinclair users of the future.

PUBLIC POLICY

"Seduction by Subsidy"

U.S. Chamber of Commerce presidents are expected to speak out against big government and careless spending, but Delaware Banker Edwin P. Neilan, 57, who took office last May for a one-year term, is turning out to be more outspoken—and articulate—than most. At the National Press Club in Washington last month, Neilan said that the U.S. has its own scandal to match Britain's Christine Keeler case: a "seduction by subsidy" in which more and more Congressmen are turning into hagemen for constituents, bringing home pork barrel programs and federal handouts in return for votes.

Stimulated by the congratulations and complaints (from Capitol Hill) that the speech drew, Neilan last week took off on a national tour to keep up his attack. The General Services Adminis-



New Bethlehem V Steel Saved \$100,000 on this College Library



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Meyer & Myers, Structural Engineer: Van
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C. J. Langenfelder & Son, Inc.; Steel Fab-
ricators: Derby Steel Company; Steel
Erectors: R. E. Linder Steel Erection Com-
pany. All are Baltimore firms.

From the campus, the new Johns Hopkins University Library will appear as a one-floor building blending with the surrounding Georgian architecture. But its appearance is deceiving. This is a large, six-floor library designed to hold 1.5 million volumes, with room for substantial expansion.

Because a tall structure would have inflicted aesthetic "damage" to the campus, the architects placed five of the building's six floors underground. The framework for these five floors was originally designed in concrete. However, a water table problem at the site limited the depth of excavation. Every inch below ground counted.

So the architects and engineers turned to a welded continuous steel frame, using one of Bethlehem's new V Steels. The high-strength V Steel permitted the use of slimmer beams and made the building possible as planned. And the steel frame cost at least \$100,000 less than the proposed concrete frame, according to the engineer.

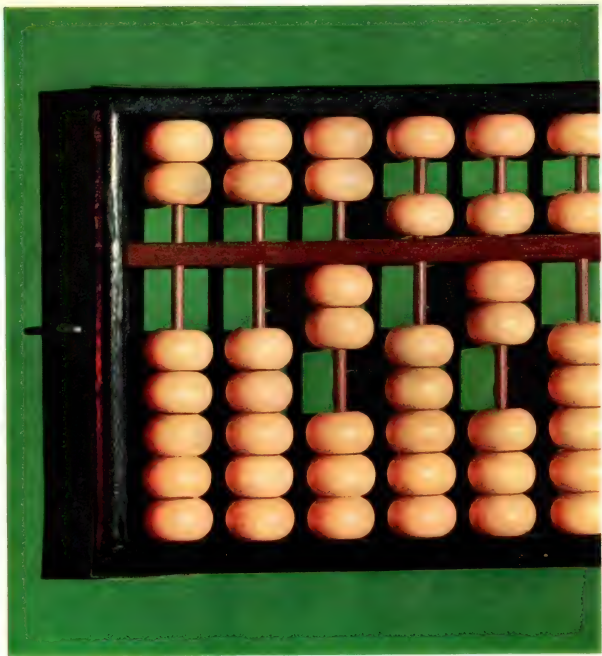
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tration, he said, is erecting a \$6,500,000 federal building in Billings, Mont., although the city's 1,000 Government employees are "reasonably happy" in rented offices and Billings suffers from an oversupply of rentable office space. In Cleveland, said Neilan, the Urban Renewal Administration approved \$43 million in grants and loans for a rebuilding program in which 60 of 84 buildings to be torn down are still structurally sound. Neilan saved his severest criticism for the Area Redevelopment Administration, whose agents, said he, are "combing the country in search of

WALTER BERNETT



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE'S NEILAN
Nailing the pork barrel.

communities which will accept such tokens of ARA generosity as a ski lift or waterworks or a sewer line at the expense of every taxpayer." Notable ARA projects so far:

► In New Albany, Ind., because three paint sprayers and three wood finishers were needed for seasonal work in a plywood plant, ARA decided to start a \$30,000 training course for such workers. The company's employment office protested that the course was unnecessary, only to be told by someone from ARA: "You will have a training program whether you like it or not." The project bogged down when no teachers could be found.

► In Wheeling, W. Va., the ARA granted a \$272,000 loan to build a rifle plant after the Small Business Administration refused to give the loan. The company failed to get a contract, and the plant stands empty.

"The overwhelming majority of Americans," said Neilan in Seattle last week, "simply have been indifferent to this scandal because they have not realized how deeply it affects them. I think it is time all of us stopped laughing over the antics of politicians and woke up to the fact that the business of government is our business. When we tolerate a pickpocket philosophy in politics, we defraud ourselves."



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WORLD BUSINESS

IRON CURTAIN

East-West Trade Winds

Leipzig is a once proud city that has taken on that East German dullness, but last week its streets were brightened by mint green Mercedeses and sapphire Jaguars as Western businessmen got together with potential Communist customers. At the annual Leipzig fall trade fair, cognac and Scotch flowed freely in the displays set up by 1,600 capitalist companies. The wares of only two U.S. outfits were visible—Sunkist Growers and W. S. Hall, a Manhattan book handler—but there were more non-Communist exhibits than last year.

Far off in Pakistan, even as U.S. Un-

der Secretary of State George Ball was objecting to President Mohammed Ayub Khan's new commercial air pact with Peking, Pakistani and Red Chinese diplomats were negotiating a barter agreement last week. A Soviet mission flew into Ottawa to draw up an expanded trade treaty: last month Canada signed a \$360 million wheat export deal with Red China. This month West Germany begins negotiating a trade treaty with Hungary.

Frederick Erroll, president of Britain's Board of Trade, recently back from a trade trip to Czechoslovakia and about to go off to Moscow, sums up the pragmatic attitude of many European businessmen: "We accept the fact that trade with the Iron Curtain countries benefits them, but it also benefits us."

Barter Is Better. How big are the benefits? Trade between free nations and the Soviet bloc rose 12% last year to \$9 billion, and Western trade with Red China was another \$1.4 billion. That seems small when compared with total world trade of \$141 billion, but it is significant enough to individual Western firms. Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd., Britain's last remaining nationalized steelmaker, is being helped in a period of soft demand by a \$2.8 million order that Red China placed last week. West Germany's Howaldt shipyard, which lately has been working below capacity, will be busy until 1966 because last week it won a \$63 million contract to build eight Soviet trawlers.

Some Western manufacturers hope that the U.S.-Soviet nuclear test ban agreement will stimulate more orders from Moscow. Russia is the East's biggest trader, last year exported \$1.9 billion to the West, mostly in furs, oil, iron ore and timber; it imported \$1.7 billion worth of Western goods, chiefly machinery. To conserve its supply of hard monies, Russia tries to barter whenever possible, and its biggest success so far was sending 82 million bbl. of oil to Italy's state-run E.N.I. in return for large shipments of machinery and a chemical plant that the Italians are now building in Russia.

Blocks in the Road. Most Western experts anticipate that East-West trade will continue to grow but not fast. Total U.S. trade with the East is in fact declining, slumped to \$200 million last year. The U.S. embargo on trade with Red China discourages most Western allies from courting Peking too openly, and NATO's embargo on sales of strategic items prevents the Communists from buying the computers, large-diameter pipe and other Western industrial goods that they desire most. Aside from politics, the cold economic reality is that until the Communist nations are able to produce higher quality goods that can move in Western markets, they will simply lack the foreign exchange to purchase much more from the West.

GERMANY

Bayer Bounces Back

To most Americans, the word Bayer means headache pills. Aspirin was indeed invented by Germany's Bayer Farbenfabriken, but one of the company's major migraines is that its aspirin is made in the U.S. solely by Manhattan's Sterling Drug Co. Bayer (pronounced buyer) lost its U.S. trademarks during World War I and has been unable to get them back.

Despite Germany's wars, depressions and inflations, Bayer has always recovered by creating new products—from the world's first sulfa drugs and synthetic rubber to Europe's first color film, put out by its Agfa subsidiary. Now Bayer has regained its postwar position as the continent's biggest chemical company, is growing 38% faster than the rest of Germany's expansive chemical industry. Bayer earned \$50 million on last year's sales of \$1 billion and recently announced that sales are running 9.5% ahead so far in 1963.

The \$25 million that Bayer invests annually in research has produced so many postwar products that 58% of its sales come from items that did not exist 15 years ago. President Kurt Hansen, 53, is a relaxed, personable sort who recalls, "A journalist once asked me why we didn't invite the press when we developed a new product. So I replied, 'Do you want to be invited every day?'"

Pharmacy of the World. Since its founding 100 years ago by Dymaker Friedrich Bayer, the company has shown a knack for seeing ahead of competitors. In the 1860s Bayer began setting up aniline plants from Albany, N.Y., to Moscow. Friedrich Bayer's successor, Chemist Carl Duisberg, transformed the company's dismal laboratories from mud-floored hovels into bright, superbly equipped plants. These became the models for modern labs elsewhere and the source of a grand succession of inventions—medicines to fight sleeping sickness and tuberculosis—that made Germany the pharmacy of the world. Duisberg was also a prime mover in organizing the I. G. Farben chemical cartel, which played a key role in Hitler's war.

After V-E day, the Allies dismembered Farben, splitting off the large Hoechst and B.A.S.F. branches and leaving Bayer with only its badly damaged plant at Leverkusen and 3,000 employees. Came the cold war and Bayer in 1952 was permitted to repossess most of its prewar plants and resume full speed. Bayer's Rhineland headquarters at Leverkusen now embrace 600 buildings, including a 33-story skyscraper that is Germany's tallest.

Looking Outward. A concentration on foreign markets has helped put Bayer ahead of its German competitors. Nearly half its sales are exports, and it



CANADIAN WHEAT OFF TO MAO'S CHINA



BRITAIN'S ERROLL WITH CHINESE RED



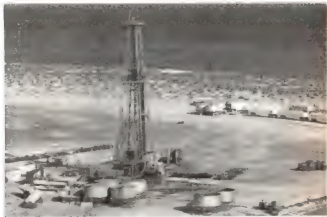
EAST GERMAN DISPLAY AT LEIPZIG
Expectations usually exceed exports.

has interests in 132 foreign companies.

Bayer's foreign emphasis was underlined by the promotion of Kurt Hansen to chairman in 1961. Though his cheeks are scarred like a Prussian's from university dueling matches, Hansen belongs to the rising generation of worldly and multilingual German managers. A chemist who also studied business administration, Hansen feels at ease in New York (where he established Bayer's postwar relations with U.S. companies) or India (where he was called in recently to advise the government on setting up a chemical industry). He works in a Spartan office in Leverkusen, but drives home three miles each noon for lunch with his pretty wife.



BARGER



DRILLING NEAR PERSIAN GULF

MIDDLE EAST

Obliging Goliath

Even to hardened Bedouin shepherds, the waterless wastes of Saudi Arabia's Rub' al Khali (literally, "empty quarter") seemed so desolate that "not even Allah had been there." But under these shimmering sands American geologists discovered a sea of oil, and the company that tapped it—the Arabian American Oil Co.—has become one of the world's two largest single oil producers. (The other: Kuwait Oil Co., jointly owned by Gulf and British Petroleum.)

Since bringing in its first well in 1938, Aramco has shipped 5.7 billion bbl. of oil—enough to supply the entire world's demand for seven months. Its known reserves are worth \$90 billion at current prices. By automating whenever possible, Aramco in the past ten years has doubled output while reducing its payroll nearly 50% and sharply cutting production costs. This amazingly successful and discreet company is doing better and better. On last year's sales of \$1 billion, Aramco made a princely profit of \$762 million. That was split fifty-fifty between the Saudi government and Aramco's four U.S. parents: California Standard, which owns 30%, Jersey Standard (30%), Texaco (30%) and Socony Mobil (10%).

Selling oil is sometimes almost as hard as finding it, and one reason Aramco can profitably produce such quantities is that its parents have such big markets. The four U.S. companies buy Aramco's entire output but ship only 5% of it to the U.S. because of import quotas. The bulk goes to Europe and Japan, whose needs are rising so rapidly that Aramco expects to double production again in the next decade.

Prudent Politics. Aside from consulting four parents on their projected oil needs, Aramco's easygoing President Thomas C. Barger, 54, runs his own shop. Barger's career tells much about the company: a geologist who arrived in Saudi Arabia in 1937, Barger spent four parched years prospecting the Rub' al Khali, learned to eat roast camel with his fingers and speak fluent Arabic, became Aramco's chief negotiator with the shrewd Saudis.

Aramco has often been criticized for

bending too far to please the Saudi government and its free-spending princes instead of talking tough, as did some British oilmen in the Middle East. Aramco's view seems to be that it didn't create the Saudi dynasty but must live with it, that its policy has prevented the expropriation that some Arab nationalists demand, and that whenever it could, it has tried to bring Saudi Arabia out of the 12th century.

Peaceful Gunsmoke. The kingdom's first roads, ports and irrigation projects were built by Aramco, but the company was careful to bill the Saudi government for public works and let the government do the ordering. The result might not be maximum efficiency or economy, but it kept Aramco on the right side of the royal family. Saudi Arabia's small but growing middle class owes its existence to Aramco, which pays its workers good wages (up to \$570 a month for Arab executives) and has financed many of them in setting up their own businesses, from lens grinding to food importing, tasks that Aramco once had to do for itself. Encouraging Arabs to save and study, the all-pervading company matches dollar for dollar the savings of employees, has 114 instructors teaching them advanced management, automated techniques and other subjects; one-fourth of Aramco's 10,850 Saudi employees are always enrolled in company courses.

Six years ago, Aramco brought the eye of television to Saudi Arabia. To enthusiastic audiences, its Dhahran station broadcasts an average six hours daily of Arabic and English lessons, prayers from the Koran, and such U.S. shows as *Gunsmoke* dubbed in Arabic, though Aramco censors out religion, sex and sadism. Most popular program: Aramco's local quiz shows, with TV sets and washing machines as prizes.

Suburbias on the Sands. Americans often join Aramco for the high salaries—roughly 40% above U.S. scales for secretaries and 15% above for executives. There are tax advantages, too. Those who go abroad for a quick buck often stay because they like the desert life and the afterhours round of water skiing, barbecues, Little Leagues. Divorce and dalliance are rare, partly because everybody knows everybody



ARAMCO TV QUIZ

Doubling the output, paring the payroll.

and everybody's business. Aramco's 4,267 U.S. employees and dependents live in company-built suburbias (rent: \$300 a month for an air-conditioned three-bedroom bungalow) that also house Aramco Arab executives' families. The Americans are taught to defer to Moslem sensibilities. Though the government permits Aramco's Americans to have Christian religious services, it forbids display of the Cross. Imports of whisky, beer and wine are banned, but the men who can refine crude oil have little trouble in distilling bathtub gin and Scotch, known locally as "the white" and "the brown."

Bowing to longstanding Saudi demands earlier this year, Aramco signed a new deal with reform-minded Prince Faisal, who has replaced ailing King Saud as the nation's *de facto* ruler. Aramco agreed to pay the Saudis \$160 million in retroactive extra royalties and to surrender in stages its original 673,000-sq.-mi. concession, until all that will be left in 1992 will be a 20,000-sq.-mi. area. With the money and the land, the Prince intends to set up a nationalized oil company. Aramco keenly regrets losing its concessions but figures to keep its best oil producers and rationalizes that the Saudis, by establishing their own oil company, should be under less pressure from fanatic nationalists to expropriate the American company.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Tony Kubek, 26, Milwaukee-born shortstop for the New York Yankees, and Margaret Timmel Kubek, 29, former psychiatric social worker: their second child, second son: in Ridgewood, N.J.

Married. Betsy Blair, 39, red-haired cinematress who played *Marty's* school-teacher girl friend; and Karel Reisz, 37, Czech-born British film director, whose credits include *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *This Sporting Life*; for the first, she for the second time (her first: Dancer Gene Kelly); in London.

Married. Kay Sutton Topping, 48, onetime Hollywood starlet from New Jersey, ex-wife of New York Yankees Co-Owner Dan Topping, popular Washington socialite; and Frederick Moulton Alger Jr., 56, widower heir to 19th century Michigan lumber millions, Eisenhower's Ambassador to Belgium from 1953 to 1956; in Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Died. Margarita Sierra, 26, peppery Spanish nightingale, who as Cha Cha O'Brien, castanet-clacking Miami nightclub singer on TV's *Surfside 6*, for three years played herself down to the last brightly mangled bit of syntax; following surgery for damaged heart valves; in Los Angeles.

Died. Guy Francis de Money Burgess, 52, Eton-produced British diplomat who, with his colleague Donald Maclean, was found to be a top Soviet spy after their sensational 1951 flight to Russia; of heart disease; in Moscow. A slovenly, hard-drinking homosexual, less effective at undercover work than the fastidious Maclean, Burgess turned left at Cambridge, passed official secrets while in the foreign service both from London and Washington. He split with Maclean in exile, avoided Russians and defiantly sported his old school tie, but it was left to Maclean to eulogize him, as a hand blared the *Internationale* in the nearly empty crematorium, as "a man who devoted his life to making a more peaceful world."

Died. Louis MacNeice, 55, handsome Irish-born, sports-loving Greek scholar who, in the early 1930s, was briefly celebrated as one of the brash young Oxford poets, along with Auden, Spender and C. Day Lewis, who stood traditional English verse on its ear by mixing slang and sardonic wit, toff talk and tough thinking to comment on England between the wars; of pneumonia; in London. During World War II, MacNeice drifted away from poetry to become one of the BBC's top scriptwriters and producers; but his early verse, which he enjoyed writing "as one enjoys swimming or swearing," had a

jagged, sprightly charm, a cynically cheerful view of life, as in

It's no go my honey love.

It's no go my popper;

Work your hands from day to day

the winds will blow the profit.

The glass is falling hour by hour

the glass will fall for ever.

But if you break the bloody glass

you won't hold up the weather.

Died. Norman Raymond Sutherland, 65, president (since 1955) and chairman (since last July) of California's Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the nation's largest gas and electric firm in revenues (\$729 million a year), which he brought into the forefront of nuclear power generation; of cancer; in San Francisco.

Died. General Fazlollah Zahedi, 68, Iran's Premier from 1953 to 1955, who cleaned up the mess after Mossadegh, cracked down on Communists, negotiated an oil treaty with a Western consortium, married his son to the Shah's daughter; of a heart attack; in Geneva.

Died. George Emilen Roosevelt, 75, senior partner in the venerable (est. 1797) Manhattan investment bank of Roosevelt & Son, who was Second Cousin in Teddy's personal secretary in the Bull Moose campaign of 1912 and who, with mixed family feelings, directed his firm to become the first Wall Street house to lop off its commercial banking branch under more remote Cousin Franklin's Banking Act of 1933; after a long illness; in Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Died. Robert Schuman, 77, former French Premier and Foreign Minister, original champion of Jean Monnet's 1950 European coal and steel pool plan, cornerstone of the Common Market; following a stroke; at Sey-Chuzelles, France (see THE WORLD).

Died. Georges Braque, 81, onetime Le Havre house painter who with Pablo Picasso in 1908 created cubism; of a stroke; in Paris (see ART).

Died. Alfred Cahen, 83, founder (in 1905), president (until 1945), and chairman emeritus of Cleveland's World Publishing Co., world's largest publisher of Bibles (150 million since 1929), which was sold last month to the Times-Mirror Co. of Los Angeles for \$13,500,000; of a heart attack; in Cleveland.

Died. Dr. Paul Felix Armand-DeLille, 89, French pediatrician who created an international uproar in 1952 when he injected rabbits nibbling at his forests near Chartres with a South American virus, setting off the great myxomatosis plague that nearly wiped out the rabbit population of Western Europe, delighting gardeners but outraging hunters, furrriers and chefs; in Paris.

A Tragedy of Pride

The Music Room. A fat old man sits on the roof of a rotting palace and stares emptily across an empty plain. A servant appears.

"What month is it?" the old man murmurs.

"It is the Month of the Falcon," the servant replies.

"Ah, then it is spring."

The servant goes away. The old man puffs at his pipe and stares across the plain.

Be warned. The fat old man on the roof is the hero of this movie, and movies about fat old men who don't even know what month it is are clearly not for everybody, especially if the old man speaks Bengali and the English subtitles twitch. Besides, the film is about 20 minutes too long. But people with a tolerance for the bizarre will greet this work by India's Satyajit Ray (who made the magnificent *Apu* trilogy) as a subtle and poignant tragedy of pride, the story of a man who cut his own throat to remind the world that his blood was blue.

The fat old man is a zamindar, a baron, and his ancestors for centuries before him were zamindars. In his youth he lived carelessly on inherited wealth, imagining that it would last forever. But the rising middle class was not careless, and soon some of the zamindar's neighbors were richer than he. Partly to assert his superiority, partly to gratify his passion for music, he took to regaling his acquaintances at lavish musical evenings. When his dutiful wife warned him that it was costing too much to pay the piper, he waved her away. "If I cut corners I shall lose face."

At last his credit ran out and his estates were sold. To finance a final fling in the music room, the zamindar sold his wife's jewels. His wife and son

were visiting her family at the time, but he insisted that they pack up and come home for the affair. On the way down the river they were caught in a whirlpool and drowned.

All that was long ago. Now, a fat old man sits on the roof of a rotting palace and stares emptily across an empty plain.

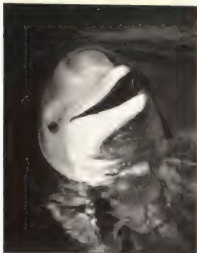
In the tragedy of the zamindar Director Ray involves much more than the ruin of one man. He is a skillful social satirist, and he contrives sardonic contrasts between the haughty old-rich and the pushy new-rich. He is a gifted graphic artist in whose visions the physical and the metaphysical converge—late in the film, the music room, the locus of disaster in the zamindar's life, is suddenly unshuttered and exhales into the pallid twilight a black flock of bats that flutter soundlessly above the old man's head like powers of darkness portending his death.

Above all, Director Ray is a teller of tales, a Bengali Balzac who envisions personal tragedy as a part of the human comedy, who can see the universal in the unique. He has created in the zamindar a character both peculiarly Indian and profoundly human, a man who would not face the truth and therefore had to face the consequences. As Actor Chhabi Biswas portrays him, the zamindar is a seething complex of contradictions: arrogant yet sensitive, pig-headed as well as lion-hearted. He is a fool but there is something magnificent in his folly, and even at his most fatuous there sits upon him the ennobling dignity of doom.

Lassie with Fins

Flipper. When Sandy came home to his little blue house down on the Florida Keys one day, his mother asked him what that look on his face meant. "There's an eight-foot dying dolphin in the fish pen," said Sandy. Sure enough, there in the pen was Flipper, with a scuba diver's spear stuck in him. "Get me a knife and the iodine," said Mom. Before long Flipper was cavorting, grinning, dancing on his tail, laughing a porpoise laugh that sounded something like a very old automobile starting on a very cold day—ugga-ugga-ugga-ugga. *chug-chug!*

For a while, Sandy and Flipper have wonderful fun playing together, but Sandy neglects his chores, and when Daddy (TV's Chuck Connors) comes home on his fishing boat, he makes Sandy turn Flipper loose. Soon after that, when Sandy and Daddy are trying to catch fish and bringing up nothing but empty nets, Flipper torpedoes up to the boat with a big smile on his face. Flipper leads them to a whole school of pompano, and Daddy is very happy. Next day Flipper jumps into the fish pen and gobbles up all the pompano, and Daddy is very unhappy. He dislikes dolphins anyway, because they eat a



FLIPPER

Ugga-ugga-ugga-ugga, chug-chug!

lot of fish and snarl up his nets, so he sets out with a gun to shoot some. "Even Flipper?" Sandy asks tearfully. "Even Flipper," says Daddy. But this aquatic bedtime story has a happy ending, of course. At the fade, Flipper is not only a live dolphin but a hero, even to Sandy's father.

Kids who like Lassie will flip for Flipper. Dolphins, indeed, are likely to rate very high on Christmas lists this year. Parents who contemplate trying to keep one in a backyard pool should bear in mind that a dolphin eats about 15 lbs. of live fish a day.

Unlucky Pierre

The Suitor is a sight-gag soufflé—tasty, fluffy and French. Screenwriter, director and star, all in one, is diminutive Pierre Etaix, who manages to combine the wobbly witfulness of Chaplin, the deadpan pantomiming of Buster Keaton, and the jumping-jack gymnastics of Harold Lloyd.

Although he is well into his 30s, Pierre spends all his time in his room studying the astronomical charts that cover the walls and furniture. His preoccupation vexes *Maman* and *Papa*, who want him to get married. It also vexes *Ilke*, the Swedish maid, but since she can speak no French (even her subtitles come out in Swedish), she can do nothing about it but look beautiful. One day *Papa* has a talk with Pierre—or thinks he does. But Pierre has his earplugs in, and the whole sound track is blanked out. *Papa* is seen enthusiastically drawing female forms in the air, cuddling imaginary infants in his arms, all the while chattering inaudibly. When Pierre finally unplugs his ears, it is only to hear *Papa* saying: "... And therefore I think you should get married immediately." Pierre ponders. He studies a girlie picture printed on the back of one of his charts. All of a sudden, out go the maps, diagrams and books, and out goes Pierre to chase the girls.

Clad in a snappy suit, Pierre hits the



BISWAS

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boulevard. He offers to carry a pretty girl's parcels, and they turn out to belong to a fat woman walking behind her. He crashes through the bushes in the park to give a lump of sugar to a poodle on a leash, discovers that the leash holder is walking a baby, not a dog. He prances up behind a sports car to doff his hat to a long-haired blonde in the front seat, only to find that she is an Afghan hound, not a mademoiselle. In a nightclub he sets off a chain reaction when he borrows a cigarette lighter from a girl, discovers it is a lipstick, puts it down on an ashtray; the man at the next table thinks it is a cigar, gets lipstick on his mouth, is slapped by his girl friend, etc.

Trying determinedly to be a masher, Pierre spies a lone lady at a table, gallantly grabs her bill as the waiter presents it, discovers that it includes a lavish dinner for two and many bottles of champagne. Hooked, he sticks



ETAIX

Are girls worth the effort?

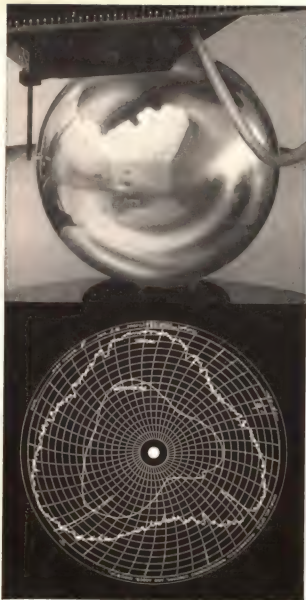
around and pays and pays as the girl, already tanked up, orders more champagne, a pursful of cigarettes and a corsage. When he takes her home, she picks up and down stairs and in and out of an antique glass-walled elevator in a frantic attempt to find her apartment so he can unload her. When he finally gets rid of her and back on the street, he is missing a shoe, goes hippety-hoppety down the avenue at dawn, wondering if girls are worth the effort.

Before eventually deciding that they are, Pierre sends *Maman* and *Papa* into a new spell of vexation by redecorating his room with a thousand pinup photos of statuesque Stella, a chanteuse he sees on television. A bigger-than-life cutout of Stella covers a tall chest of drawers. As a matter of fact, Stella's chest covers one of the drawers, and every time Pierre opens it, he adds spectacular new dimensions to Stella's bosom.

The Sultor is a crazy little film, crammed with Dadaist episodes and droll vignettes. Much of it has a silent-movie look, almost as if it had been made at the old Hal Roach studios under the direction of a zany genius.

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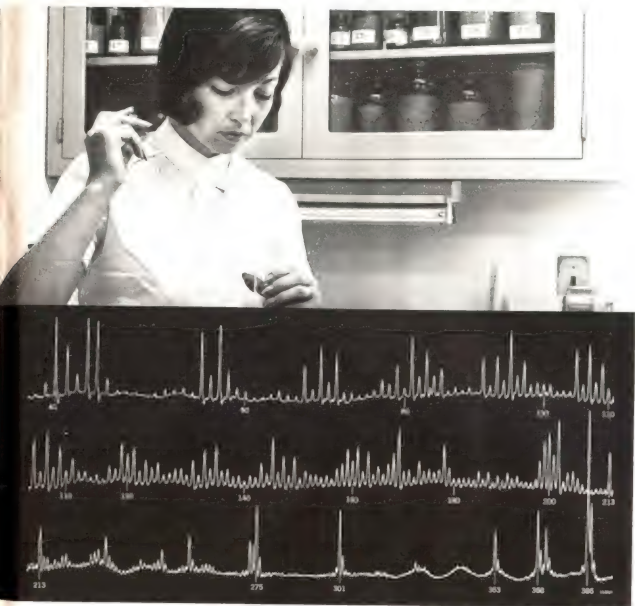
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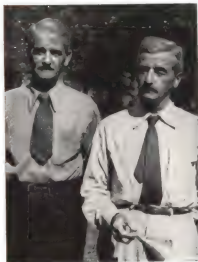
BOOKS

A Tenderhearted Someone

MY BROTHER BILL by John Faulkner. 277 pages. Trident Press. \$4.95.

Who was William Faulkner? Was he that stately novelist who lived in baronial isolation in Oxford, Miss., carving great slabs of novels out of primeval truth? Was he that country squire who had a paneled trophy room and bought English saddles with kickout stirrups and riding outfits from Abercrombie & Fitch? Was he, perhaps, that barefoot gentleman who entered the dining room of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis after depositing a bottle of whisky under the stop light at the intersection of Second and Union?

William's younger brother John—



JOHN & BILL FAULKNER
Whisky under the stop light.

who completed these reminiscences last spring, shortly before his own death at the age of 61—clearly could never decide. He determined "about twelve years ago that if I survived Bill, I would write a book about him as he really was." But how Bill really was eluded not only his brother John but all the other members of that baronial Southern family for whom Novelist Faulkner was sometimes thought to speak. Faulkner, like any writer of genius was an original, and much of the fascination of his brother's memories lies in the fact that the sum of detail never accounts for the man and if John Faulkner furnishes few of the portentous correlations between literature and life that are the delight of graduate students, he splendidly evokes the flavor of boyhood in a small Deep Southern town surprised by the turn of the century.

Sweet Talk & Styleplus. In this curiously tribal world Bill was a natural leader. He could hurl wet corncocks

at the neighboring kids with greater accuracy than either of his brothers; he could ride a horse bareback as no other Faulkner could; he could invent tales with such surpassing guile that for one whole winter he sweet-talked a schoolmate into slopping the hogs for him—in return for which service Bill entertained him with stories of madness and murder.

He was also a consummate actor—like his grandfather Faulkner, who strolled the Oxford town square in a white linen suit with an overcoat and a cap with ear muffs, or like his great-grandfather, the Old Colonel, who wrote an early bestseller, *The White Rose of Memphis*, before he was gunned down by a neighbor suspicious of the colonel's intentions toward his wife. After he became "tired of a formal education" and quit school in the tenth grade, Bill decided to transform himself into a dandy: with the money he earned as a teller in his grandfather's bank, he bought a wardrobe of Styleplus clothes so dazzling that he became known locally as "The Count." For the rest of his life, recalls his brother, Bill dressed the part of a country squire with meticulous care, striding the streets of Oxford in trench coat and patched tweeds carrying a hawthorn walking stick. He went back to the great woods year after year, but he was too much of "a tenderhearted someone" to really enjoy hunting.

Iced Tea & Bourbon. Bill's drinking was such common gossip in Oxford that when he tried to organize a Boy Scout troop one winter he was denounced as unfit by the minister of the Baptist Church. But most of his drunks, says Brother John, were just play acting. He would go for weeks without taking a drink and then a call would come from his wife Estelle that it was time to come and "sober Billie up." That job usually fell to Mother Faulkner, a tiny, fiercely energetic woman who understood Billie's desire to be waited on. Once she devised the ruse of serving him iced tea laced with whisky in gradually diminishing amounts. When he mumbled that he could not get up because he was drunk, she told him that he had been drinking plain tea for twelve hours; Billie climbed out of bed and went to work.

Long before Father Faulkner settled into retirement after a random career as farmer, freight agent, owner of a livery stable and finally treasurer of the University of Mississippi, Bill had become the patriarch of the clan. The role suited him ideally. He cultivated a patriarchal mustache, dispensed egg-nog to his cousins every Christmas morning and justice to a flock of Negro family retainers (including a hunting companion known as "Right Now For Bear" Doo-lic) the year round.

Bill was never one to talk much about his writing, and his brother has very little to say about it beyond the fact

that the critics have read too many complexities into it and that Bill wrote about "the worst side of the South" only because "he wrote what people will believe, for that's what they will pay to read, and even a writer has to make money." His father was deeply disappointed in *Sanctuary*, John adds: the elder Faulkner had always hoped that Bill would write westerns.

The Skeleton Key

THE UNMENTIONABLE NECHAEV by Michael Prawdina. 198 pages. Roy. \$4

One of history's truly horrifying figures was a now forgotten Russian named Sergei Nechaev, who died in St. Petersburg at the age of 35 in the top security section of the Czar's Peter-Paul Fortress.

He has been deliberately forgotten by the Soviets, but for a while in the '20s,

ALLEN AND UNWIN



SERGEI NECHAEV
Hypnosis for the guards.

Soviet historians sought in Nechaev's ideas and life a native Russian source for the brilliant success of Lenin's revolutionary theories. Since Stalin's time, he has been the No. 1 skeleton in the congested Soviet closet of historical horrors. According to Michael Prawdina, a Russian émigré living in London, Sergei Nechaev is also a "key to Bolshevism."

Turning Ideals. Prawdina leaves the reader with the haunting notion that perhaps some kind of devil is the spiritual father of Soviet Communism. Sergei Nechaev, son of a serf, grew up in St. Petersburg at a time when poor students chafed and brooded under Russia's vast and manifest injustices. Ideals of universal love, liberty and truth gained currency among the crust-fed scholars of the imperial universities. It was Nechaev's peculiar vocation to batten upon these noble spirits and convert their intentions into their logical and ethical opposites—hated, subservience and lies. With the energy given only to



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monomaniacs. Nechaev went from group to group demanding as a first principle the ritual assassination of the visible enemies of freedom: the Czar's officials, and ultimately the Czar himself. As a corollary, they were told that they themselves must be willing to die, and to kill, when necessary, each other.

Looking for 2,770. Some of his adherents fell away, but not before he had succeeded in the execution of one of his comrades. Ivanov, a young student, was lured to a cave, beaten and shot to death. He had been told that a printing press was hidden there and needed to be brought out and put to use. Four of Nechaev's friends were tried for the murder and condemned to exile in Siberia. Nechaev fled to Geneva, where his presence caused the great revolutionary Bakunin to exclaim: "They are wonderful, these young fanatics. Believers without God." Bakunin issued to Nechaev a sort of party card or credential of the "International Alliance," bearing the serial number 2771. As a consequence, the Czar's agents and half the police of Europe were looking for at least 2,770 conspirators. When Nechaev was extradited from Switzerland, he was treated as the head of a huge conspiracy. Shackled, in solitary confinement in Peter-Paul's deepest dungeon, Nechaev was able to convert his guards to the revolution; he even convinced them that he had engineered the assassination of Czar Alexander II.

Thus, a figure of universal execration, he passed into history and literature. In Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, Nechaev appears as the evil theoretician Shigalov and as a model for Verkhovensky, cold-blooded manipulator of idealists. Nechaev and his dupes are portrayed as the dreadful Nihilist crew who were the progenitors of Bolshevism.

Restrict the Truth. Nechaev's distinction lies in the fact that his brief life exemplified the basic paradox at the heart of Communism's claims on the human spirit. "Beginning with the ideal of absolute freedom, you arrive at the necessity of absolute tyranny," was Nechaev's sinister aphorism. In these terms he invented the conception of a revolutionary elite, above all moral law because it acted in the name of "the people." He proclaimed the abstract virtue of the "party" above all claims of kin or human obligation, and—generations before it had become a commonplace of totalitarian revolutionaries of left or right—he extolled the virtues of the lie as an instrument of the higher truth.

It is the thesis of Biographer Prawdina that the Soviet academicians of the '20s were right about Nechaev: Lenin indeed owed as much to this peasant zealot as he did to the philosopher Marx. He convincingly argues that Stalin (who came closer than any other socialist to the ideal of absolute tyranny in the name of absolute freedom) was right in suppressing Nechaev on Nechaev's own principle that the truth

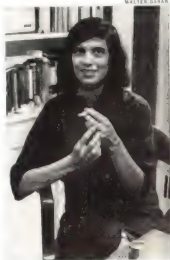
should not be known except to the elite.

Thus would a prince who believed Machiavelli suppress *The Prince*. If Communism, as Marx said in 1848, is "a specter haunting Europe," then Nechaev, one of the devil's saints, is a specter haunting Communism.

Identifiable as Prose

THE BENEFACTOR by Susan Sontag. 274 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$4.50.

Of what capital city in Europe is a beheaded man the patron saint? It is by such recondite clues that the reader comes to understand that the scene of Susan Sontag's *The Benefactor* is, in fact, Paris. The publishers confirm this on the book jacket. "Identifiable as Paris" is the tentative concession, as



SUSAN SONTAG
Boredom after a puzzle.

if Farrar, Straus had only reached a majority decision on the issue.

The book proposes even stiffer puzzles. The hero is Hippolyte; why does he move about and mutter to himself like a heavy sleeper coming to the surface? Is he in a dream? The answer seems to be: yes, but half the time Hippolyte is supposed to be awake. Then the question arises why he should sound the same when he is dreaming and when he is awake, moving like a somnambulist about the vaguely identifiable landscape of "the capital." Miss Sontag evidently has powerful convictions about dreams and offers many glum and portentous aphorisms on the subject, such as, "Dreams are the onanism of the spirit." But the one thing everyone knows about dreams is that they are quite different from waking, and something is wrong if you can't tell which is which. This elementary error—either factual or esthetic—is persisted in over 274 relentless pages.

In the course of these, the reader tentatively gathers that Hippolyte has been a student and *saloniere* in Paris, acted in films (he was a natural as



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Bluebeard's confessor), acquired a mistress whom he arranges to have seduced by delivery boys and other women and whom he finally, in a scene rich in unconscious comedy, sells for 13,000 old francs to a merchant in Tangier. Then there is a wife: he seems to have some notion that he has murdered her. Has he or hasn't he? By this time, the reader may feel that he has been trapped by a prodigious bore telling about a funny dream he had on the way to the club.

Hippolyte has a friend (in itself an unlikely story) who, we are asked to believe, is a writer of genius by day and an industrious male prostitute by night. Hippolyte and this man of many parts converse. Sample: Hippolyte: "You are a tourist of sensation." Jean-Jacques: "Better than a taxidermist."

All this is written in what would be identifiable as English prose if it did not sound so much like a blurred translation from some other language.

Is Love a Bridge?

THE SEED AND THE SOWER by Laurens van der Post. 256 pages. William Morrow. \$4.50.

South Africa-born Author Laurens van der Post has spent half a lifetime trying to prove to himself that what Conrad took to be the heart of darkness contains, in reality, the roots of heaven.

His most notable books—*The Heart of the Hunter* and *The Lost World of the Kalahari*—were eloquent nonfiction accounts of the African Bushmen who, like other primitive peoples, Van der Post believes, are subconsciously in tune with a healing universal human memory. Now, in an episodic novel (really three linked short stories) Van der Post tries to descry signs of an ancient cosmic harmony at work in the lives of three modern men in wartime.

Prison Torments. The incidents are powerfully compressed. In one, a British colonel encounters a Japanese sergeant who had tormented him in prison camp and now is about to be put to death by a war crimes tribunal. Understanding the sergeant, and sympathizing with him the colonel can yet not break with his own tradition to offer a physical gesture of forgiveness. Brooding on the failure, he sees it as a betrayal not only of his own deepest human urge but of life's universal aim. In another story, Van der Post explores the betrayal of a humpbacked boy by his handsome brother, not dramatically but in a subtle and outwardly justifiable withdrawal from him that only the betrayer perceives.

Describing such things as Japanese prison camps, boyhood in South Africa, the last-ditch efforts of Commonwealth forces to delay the fall of the Netherlands East Indies, Author Van der Post writes with the taciturn authority of someone who has lived it all himself. But neither the events themselves nor the author's occasionally overwrought



LAURENS VAN DER POST
The thunder said, 'Obey.'

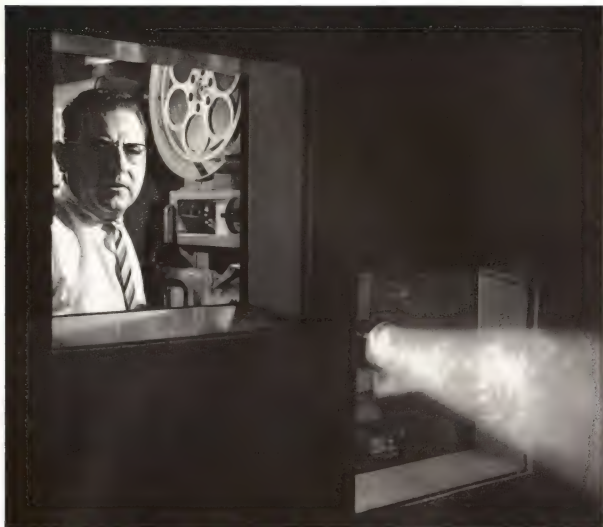
eloquence will bear the weight of cosmic significance he tries to attach to them. Violent storms, for example, are always fraught with high meaning—the most absurd occurring during a brief love affair. When the thunder breaks at the climactic moment, Van der Post writes, "Never, Lawrence said, had he heard so commanding and holy a sound, as if it were the authentic voice of life itself exhorting them to obey."

Haunting Fragments. Freudian critics would die laughing (not a bad thing, perhaps) at Van der Post's private symbolism (the sword, for example, he feels, represents man's will to strive toward knowledge). Nevertheless, Van der Post's haunting fragments of life ring with the passionate inquiry of a man desperately trying to make sense out of what has happened to him. Below the cloudy rhetoric lies a romantic moral, obvious but hard won for anyone who, as Van der Post explains, has been "trained in a school of life which regarded all natural emotion with suspicion." The urge of the heart to kindness must be heeded at all costs.

Out of Eden

THE GIRLS OF SLENDER MEANS by Muriel Spark. 176 pages. Knopf. \$3.95.

As the climax of a comic novel, the scene seems a touch strenuous. Here are 13 young women, some of them naked and lubricated with soap, desperately trying to squirm to salvation through a tiny bathroom window in a burning London house. Happily, no one excels Scots-born Novelist Muriel Spark at the satiric art of making the outrageous seem natural—and the natural outrageous. In *The Girls of Slender Means* she not only gets away with trial by hip-size in the bathroom but thriftily makes it a moment of religious crisis. After witnessing the scene, a male character joins the Catholic Church and heads for darkest Haiti,



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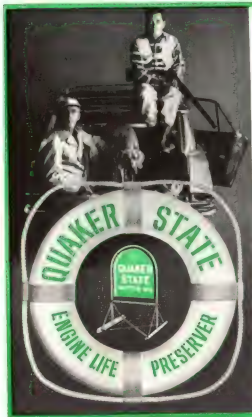
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where he is eventually martyred by angry natives.

Such doings may sound like something the author picked up at the last sale of Waugh assets. Actually, this account of the giddy life in an upper-class club for young women in London just after V-E day is touched by a cheerful inhumanity all Muriel Spark's own. "As they realized themselves," she writes about the May of Teck Club members, "few people alive at the time were more delightful, more ingenious, more movingly lovely, and, as it might happen, more savage."

Not to mention balmy. One girl natters on about an unexploded German bomb buried in the club garden. Another dresses endlessly for an imaginary dinner date with a famous British actor. A wholesome vicar's daughter gives elocution lessons and keeps the rafters ringing at odd moments with bits of

ALAN CLIFTON



MURIEL SPARK

Not to mention balmy.

Byron and snatches of Shakespeare. "Joanna Childe," the author says, describing the girl in one of those thumb-nail assessments that keep her books blessedly brief, "had a good intelligence and strong obscure emotions . . . she loved poetry rather as it might be assumed a cat loves birds."

This demi-paradise, this Eden for the voracious young, throbs with girlish concern for love and money, in that order. But evil, when it is finally faced firmly by Mrs. Spark, comes in the form of lust, not for human flesh but for one of the club's principal assets—a taffeta Schiaparelli dress that is lent around among the sleeker girls for evenings on the town. Does lust for a Schiaparelli justify the burning of Eden? Is Author Spark just pulling the reader's leg? A final scene is not much help. In it, the vicar is told that his poetry-loving daughter believed in the existence of Hell. "Really?" he replies with dismay. "I've never heard her speak morbidly. It must have been the influence of London."

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